Let Pleasure, Queen, thy Cares
Thy Loß of Empire drown
Kind Polydorus sure is worth
Thy Smiles, who paid thy Portion

Thy Favours two are no defaulters
To Such a Champion of the Altars;
Heretick Cause so stouth
Souls both so linkt may kiss devoutly.

THE

AMOURS

OF THE

French King

WITH THE

Late Queen of *ALBION*.

BEING

the History of

Messalina.

By a Woman of QUALITY.

LONDON: Printed for *John Lyford*, 1689.

AMOURS

Meditations.

THE TRANSLATOR TO THE READER.

HAving Correſpondence with a Gentleman, Reſident in Cologne, the Repoſitorium of all the Oppreſſed Subjects of Gothland, where they firſt unload their Grievances and thence diſperſe them all over Europe.

Among other pieces of Curioſity received from the ſaid Gentleman were theſe few Sheets, preſented to him by the Man who Prints them, and from whom he has a promiſe of the Second Part (that was juſt putting to the Preſs) and as ſoon as ever printed off, I may expect them by the firſt poſt;

they bear the Title of Les Amours de MESSELINA DERNIERE REINE d'ALBION & penned, *as the Printer informs my Friend, by a* Woman *of* Quality *sometimes a Confidant of* Messalina *late Queen of* Albion, *and one that has been very familiar with her in her most secret Intrigues; but upon some Disgust received since their Retirement to the* Gothish Court *(proceeding as is supposed (from the* Haughty *and* Intolerable Humour *of the* Queen *) has thereupon left the Court, and being very much out of Favour, is retir'd unto the* Electorate *of* Collogne, *it seems to carry the appearance of an* Historical Novel, *and Contains most of the* Cabinet Contrivances *of the* Court *of* Albion *for these last four Years, it lays open the Villanous Contrivances of the* Pagan Priests, *especially Father* Pedro's, *against the Peace and Welfare of the* Christian Religion *in that Kingdom, it discovers the Life of the late* Queen, *with her Project to intail* POPERY *and* SLAVERY *on the* Nation: *it discovers the* Mufties *or* High-Priest, *together with the* Antichristian *King of* Gothland's Intrigues, *at least to* Imbroil *if not totally to* Subvert *the Power and Interest of all the* Christian Princes *in* Europe; *it gives an Account of the weakness and oversight of the late King* Lycogenes,

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in ſuffering himſelf firſt to be led by the Noſe by Polydorus *King of the* Gaules, *afterwards to become his* PENSIONER, *and to have as it were his whole dependance upon him; as laſtly his* Ungenerous *and* Cruel **League** *with the ſaid King, not only to deſtroy or ruin all his own* Chriſtian Subjects, *but even to Extirpate what they are pleaſed to call the* Northern Hereſie *from the Face of the* Earth.

It further ſhews the wicked *and* unparallel'd *Deſign of the late* Queen Meſſalina, *to impoſe upon and wrong the* King *her* Husbands Children, *two lovely* Princeſſes *of their* Juſt *and* Lawful Pretenſions *to the* Crown *of* Albion.

P. S. *While I was Correcting this* Preface *for the* Printer, *in order to its Immediate Publication, the* Dutch *Poſtman brings my* Forrain *Letters, one of which is from my* Cologne *Friend, in which is Incloſed the Printed Sheets of the Second Part, where (on a Curſolary view of them) I find the Intrigues of his* Brittiſh Highneſs *layed open, Shewing (after the failure of Count* Davila *and Father* Pedro) *the Secret Intrigues of the* WARMING-PAN; *in which is briefly Couched the whole Management of that* IMPOSTURE. *With a New Amour that has lately happened ſince the Courts retire-*

ment into Gothland, *between King* Polydorus *and Queen* Messalina: *Wherein are several Secrets of the* Pagan *League not yet expos'd. But such is the over-Eagerness of the* Bookseller, *that I cannot perswade him to stop the Publication of this, but I am over-perswaded to Publish them in Two Parts, as they are in the* Original.

The Second Part you may expect in as short a time as possibly it can be Translated and Printed.

Fair

FAir *Albion* had for many years enjoy'd all the pleasures that Peace and Plenty could afford, and by a long discontinuance from War, seem'd to have degenerated from those inclinations to Glory which have been accounted natural to the People of that Famous Island; the last time they carry'd out their Victorious Arms, was against their Neighbours on the *Belgick* Coasts, where after many signal proofs of Courage and Ability on both sides, the Quarrel proceeding chiefly from Emulation of each others Power and Trade, a firm and lasting Peace was concluded between them: And now *Britomardes* the Second of that Name, King of *Albion*, having against his natural disposition been obliged to spend the first and better part of his Youth in all those hazards and difficulties which a Civil War within the Bowels of his own Country, and a twelve Years Exile abroad laid him open to, he at last, to his wonderful satisfaction, finds himself at liberty to follow the current of his own Humour, and resolves to Sacrifice the remaining part of his Life to the soft temptations of Love and Pleasure: But see the fallibility of Humane Resolutions, and how easily Providence can disappoint our firmest Expectations, for though *Britomardes* knew how to improve his Minutes of Love and Delight to as great advantage as any Prince in the World, yet he could very rarely find himself disengaged from those weighty Cares that necessarily attend the Thrones of Great Princes, or from the apprehensions of some impending Dangers which the many discoveries of Plots and Conspiracies against his Life, imprinted in

 him:

him: He at last dying, without lawful Issue, *Lycogenes* the Second, his only Brother, succeeded, a Prince who in his Youth and Adversity gave so signal proofs of his Virtue and Gallantry, that he render'd himself the Admiration of Forreign Countries, and the Delight and Love of his own, but (I know not by what unhappy Councels thereunto incited) after his coming to the Crown of *Albion*, he committed so many Irregularities against even the Peace and Safety of his own People, that they were obliged to call in *Anaximander*, Prince of the *Low Lands*, to their Assistance to defend their Lives, which they affirm'd *Lycogenes* had expos'd and sold to *Polydorus* King of the *Gaules*, and to recover their Rights and Liberties which say they, their King had encroach'd upon and taken from them: *Lycogenes* had by his first Wife (who was Daughter to a Noble Peer of *Albion*) two Lovely Princesses, to his Daughters, the Eldest called *Artemisia*, Married to *Anaximander*, the other *Philadelphia*, Married to *Polycrates* the Northern Prince. His second Wife was *Messalina*, Daughter of a *Huge Prince* in *Italy*, and nearly Related to *Boanerges* the High-Priest, a Lady sent by Heaven to determine the Fate of Poor *Lycogenes*, and to ruine the growing Greatness of the *Pagan Interest* in the Kingdom of *Albion*: She was, as to her Person, all that could be wisht in a great Woman, she had a Majestick, Loftly Carriage, black Hair, delicate sparkling Eyes of the same Colour, a handsome Nose, her Mouth extreamly pretty when she smil'd, her Face Oval, her Look demure and sullen, except when she was in company with her Favourites; she was tall and well shap'd, and to those who only look'd on her, she made lovely Figure; she took, according to the mode of her Country, a great delight in Musick and Amour; Before her arrival at *Albion*, she had spent part of her time

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in the Court of *Gothland*, where she behav'd her self with that Gallantry, and so far insinuated into the favour of that Court, that 'tis believ'd *Lycogenes* receiv'd his first recommendation of her from the King of the *Gaules*; She look'd upon the Nobility of *Albion* either too just to their King, or too unworthy of her Favours, to entrust them with any part of her Intrigues, and therefore she chose to be beholding to the High-Priest and to *Polyderus*, for Persons that might at once serve both her Love and Ambition; and though *Lycogenes* did all to oblige her, that a fond over-weening Love could prompt a Man to, yet he found it more than a difficulty many times to prevail with her to keep within such rules as were most agreeable to his Honour, and requisite for the Peace and Security of his Kingdom; *Messalina* after *Lycogenes* Accession to the Crown, upon the Height and Eminence of her new Station, seem'd to have receiv'd a new Ayre and Temper too; for during the Reign of *Britomardes*, (her *Lycogenes* then but a Subject) she bore her Grandeur with that universal Complaisance and Condescention, that possibly the Renown of her Prideless Meen and Deportment, out-ran the very Fame of her Beauty, and the same Poetick Raptures that daily Deified the one, built Altars too to the other. All Tongues were full of her Praises, and there wanted not her Applause even in all Corners of the World. But as if Fortune had tried to match her own Mutability in that Change which the Advance to a Crown soon wrought through her whole Temper and Carriage; the Anointing Drops seem'd to have infused so strange a Spirit of Ambition and Haughtiness, that her former Dearest Darlings and Favourites were then thought scarce worthy the Honour of being her Vassals, insomuch that that Universal Quire that before had so chanted her Praises, were all of a suddain

struck dumb; whilst the Exaltation of her Pride, with that of her Glory, had infinitely rebated the edge of the late popular Veneration. But as disgusted as so haughty a Behaviour soon made her, not only by the People, but the very Courtiers of *Albion*; We are to consider 'twas in the Days of her more humble State, and gentler Charms, that she gain'd the Heart of her *Lysenes*. Tis true, as her Pride became a Fault, however it brought one Vertue with it, in giving a Check to her former Inclination to Intrigue; her sometimes Favourites (upon her Ascent to a Throne) being now a little removed to a Distance unworthy of Greces so sublime. The long expected and long sigh'd for Day of her Imperial Dignity being come, she could not without abundance of Regret behold those Wrinkles Age had already made in the Face of her *Lysenes*, she would often ruminate on the Sensible Decay Times and continual Cares had wrought in the Strength and Vigour of the King her Husband, she could not consider his weak and seldom Caresses any otherwise than as *Memento Mori* to her own Glory and Ambition; she saw many whom the unkindness, shall I say Injustice of *Lysenes* had render'd cold and disaffected to his Interest, gaping with expectation of a speedy Change; she was not insensible that the moment of his Death would probably be the Eternity of her Ruine, and that at least her Honour, if not her Life, would be endanger'd; these Considerations would often perplex the Mind of poor *Messalina*, and would often check the current of her Joy even in the height of all her Glory. 'What? would she cry, 'must this be the weak Foundation 'whereon all my future Hopes must rest? Must all 'my Glorious Projects lean on the uncertain Secu-'rity of a Feble Husband's Life? Shall the present 'possession of a Crown seem so to transport my

'Thoughts,

'Thoughts, as to leave me careleſs of all future 'Contingencies, or ſhall I think the high Station of 'a Queen of *Albion* ſo far above my Perſonal Me-'rit, that like a cheating Gameſter I can be willing to 'refund, or lay down my Royalty? No, no, *Meſſa-'lina*, think of the Grandeur of thy Mighty Houſe, 'think of thy yet but Blooming Youth and Beauty; 'but above all, think of thy boundleſs lofty Soul, 'which will ſooner break than bend to the leaſt de-'rogation of thy Honour: Remember *Boanerges*, thy 'holy Patron & Kinſman, & the Mighty *Polydorus*, do 'ſomething worthy their great Alliance and Friend-'ſhip: Remember the Eyes of all thy Sect expect 'thy Wonderful Operations; and ſince the neceſſity 'of Time requires thy ſpeedy Reſolutions, remove 'boldly whatever dare obſtruct thy Will, and let 'thy Orders have a ſpeedy execution. Such were the extravagant Thoughts of Unhappy *Meſſalina*, which were yet heightned afterwards by the perni-cious Counſels of Count *Davila*, and Father *Pedro*, her two chief Aſſiſtants in all her Conſultations, and ſent on purpoſe to work on the reſtleſs Humour of this Queen, by *Boanerges* the High-Prieſt, to pro-mote the Intereſt of the Pagan Faction in the King-dom of *Albion*. Theſe two, according to their In-ſtructions, draw firſt a Scheme of what they had to do, and then like crafty Workmen, proceed to the Manner, Time, and Place for the execution of their Projects; they ſoon come to a determination of the manner of their proceedings; for being ſen-ſible of the main points whereon all the Queens Sa-tiſfaction ſeem'd to depend; to wit, Amour and Religion, (two things ſo relative and reciprocal to each other all over *Italy* and great part of *Gaule*, that you ſhall ſeldom ſee a Devotee without the at-tendance of her *Enamouratto*, or a Man at his Prayers without mingling ſome pithy Ejaculations to the

Saint that kneels by him) that they seem'd to have little else to do than to make seasonable applications to the Queens humour, as time and opportunity should give leave. The Count was a tall slender Man, well shap'd, black Ey'd, and quick, a large Nose, but thin Fac'd, facetious in his Discourse, and after the Italian way Musical; he had been well acquainted with *Messalina* in *Italy*, and had without any signal reason to despair, made several addresses of Love to her; He was design'd and sent by the High Priest *Busnergus*, to make what efforts he could on the well known Inclinations of *Messalina*, though he came not so well provided but that it was generally thought the Queen defray'd even the expence of his Courtship: Father *Pedro* was to ply the other weak side of *Messalina*, and by his Insinuations of an implicit faith to be given to every thing, he should assert she was to use her outmost power and influence with *Lycogenes*, to promote and put in execution without reserve, whatsoever should be proposed as advantagious to the *Pagan* Interest: This was the purport of their Commissions, which they were to manage with all the Discretion, Secresie, and expidition imaginable.

The Queen happening to be indisposed a while after the Cpupts arrival at Court, he was necessitated to defer the payment of his private devoirs for four or five days, though the satisfaction her Majesty was pleased to express for his arrival, was thought to add much to her recovery; She let him know about a Week after his coming, she was willing to receive his Visit that day after Dinner, and to avoid all inconveniency that might arise from the multiplicity of Attendance at the Pallace Royal, she takes her Chair privately, and crosses over to St. *Jaques*, a small half Mile from *Alba Regalis*, and re-

tiring into her Closet, she with Impatience waited the coming of the Count, having before given Orders to admit him without Ceremony; the Count by what mischance detained is uncertain, came not till two hours after the time appointed, and being conducted by *Assusia*, one of the Queens Women to the Closet door, went in, and found *Messalina* thrown upon a Couch fast asleep, whereupon he stop'd, and being about to withdraw, the Queen awoke, and perceiving the Count, she started up in some seeming disorder: The Count fearing she was displeased to have been seen in that posture, was in great confusion whether to stay or go, till the Queen making upto him, said, 'My Lord, this 'is a piece of Gallantry in you extraordinary, to make 'a Lady wait thus long for your attendance; I know 'not how you will be able to acquit your self from 'the justice of my resentment, of which heretofore 'you have expressed great apprehensions: The Count was so abash'd at this short but severe reprimand, that for a great while he could not make any reply; but at last coming to himself, he fell on his Knees and humbly implored her Majesties Pardon, telling her he hop'd Her Majesty was not now to be convinc'd of his readiness to serve her with the utmost faculty of his Soul; that she could not be insensible that the first time he had had the honour to see her in her own Country, he had made so entire a resignation of himself and his interest to her will and pleasure, that it was not now in his power to design any thing repugnant to her satisfaction, that he was too sensible of her Justice, to believe that one unfortunate errour was able to blot out the remembrance of a thousand demonstrations past of the profound respect he always thought due to her, that he hop'd his hearty repentance for this, would induce her not only to confirm his Pardon for the

 present

present, but to give him assurance of her good will for the future: The Queen who all this while with the greatest satisfaction imaginable, had heard the Count thus zealous in his Apology for an errour she had resolved with a great deal less difficulty to have pardoned, stretching out her hand to the Count, told him roundly that she was sufficiently satisfied of his good inclinations towards her, that besides the recommendation of her Kinsman the High Priest, his own personal merit had so wrought on her opinion, as to make her resolve to commit a Secret of the greatest importance, to her Interest, that could be, to his management and discretion, that as she did already believe the sincerity of of his Protestations, so she doubted the necessity of her Affairs, would in a little time cause her to exact his performance: The Count was about to reply, when Madam Marchioness *de Tomazo*, the Queens chief Confident, and Father *Pedro*, were come into the withdrawing Room, and advancing up to the Closet, the Queen bid them enter, where after the usual Ceremony they fall into a deep Consultation; the matter before them, was the means of advancing the Pagan Interest throughout *Albion*, and next the satisfaction of *Messalina's* Ambition, as to her continuance in the Regency in case *Lycogenes* (which was very much fear'd) should in a short time fail; they were each preparing to deliver their Opinion in this weighty Affair, when news was brought that the King waited for *Messalina's* Company, to make a visit to the Queen Dowager; *Messalina* before she departed, gave them in Charge to deliver in Writing to her self, within three Days their Opinions severally, and told them that within three days more she would have another Consult, wherein she hoped they would come to a final Resolution: The Queen being gone, these three fell to deliberation

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on the points already proposed; after a great many Arguments they conclude, that nothing but the Queens having a Son, could in any humane probability secure both the Queens Power, and the Grandeur of their *Diana* and her Temples in *Albion* after the death of *Lycogenes*; for supposing said they (which is very much doubted) that *Lycogenes* live to bring in either by Fraud or Arbitrary Power, the *Papall* Religion in his own time, yet the root it will take will be so slender and shallow, that one breath of the next Successor (being a Christian) will be able to blast it, and in the mean time there will be no provision made for the Queens satisfaction; and alas! cryd the Marchioness, the Queen can no more hope for a young Son from *Lycogenes* now, than I can for a young Set of Teeth at threescore; the Count smil'd to himself at the quaintness of the Expression, and as he guess'd at what her discourse did tend to, so he could not but be glad that she had first broke the Ice: I presume, said Father *Pedro*, (addressing himself to the Lady) her Majesty upon a due Consideration of the Premisses, will not be offended at what shall be proposed by her Friends in order to her future as well as present satisfaction, and because things of this nature may better be imparted to the Queen, by your Ladyship than by us, we shall refer our thoughts of this point to your Ladyships management: Upon this they parted, and the Count repairing to his Lodging, fell a ruminating on that days Transactions, he began to think his Master the High Priest's business would come on very favourably; nor did he see any great reason to despair of some success in his own Amour, he consider'd how obligingly *Messalina* had entertain'd him in the Closet, and began to make some random Conjectures of what she said she had to deliver to him, he remember'd the reports that

had been given about Town concerning himself, and that how the Queen had been pleased to say once, she believed Count *Davila* to be as capable of winning a Ladies Favours as any man in *Europe*; he call'd to mind the Character *Messalina* went under in *Italy*, upon the account of the young Baron of *Sanctiforé*, a Gentleman that was generally thought to have made *Effectual* Love to her; he could easily guess what entertainment she had with the King her husband, who beside a failing contracted in his youth, had the heavy burthen of age and cares lying on him; he knew the Queen young and vigorous, and that the mistrust she had of the Nobility of *Albion* in all probability, did restrain her from making any advances of Intrigue or Amour with any of them; these and the like considerations made him resolve to sound *Messalina*'s inclinations with the first opportunity, and in the mean time to press her to come to a resolution concerning his Master. The next Night Father *Pedro* meets *Messalina* retiring into her Bed-Chamber after Play, and the Queen stopping, asked what they had done in her business? *Pedro* told her he thought the Marchioness had ere this imparted their Opinions to her Majesty, and implored her Majesty not to be offended with the freedom of their thoughts, since the present State of Affairs could not possibly admit of any milder Resolutions, he laid before her the instability of her fortune, the danger of her Person, the Age of *Lycogenes*, his Weakness, and Imperfection; he prest her to consider the merit of the thing, and how it would for ever advance the Interest of their Temples in *Albion*, and when she objected her Honour and Credit, he told her, her Station was above even Suspicion, for *who durst peep into the Cabinets of Princes?* He told her he could propose methods as secret as pleasant, and begg'd

begg'd her not to defer a matter of such consequence, and which he fear'd every day might determine and make void: *Messalina*, whose natural temper had been long check'd by the stiff rules of Majesty and Greatness, began now to soften and melt at the pathetick Arguments of Father *Pedro*, and eagerly grasping him by the hand, told him, *that if ever she could condescend to any part of his discourse, it must be upon considerations more weighty than any of pleasure; That she wish'd she could live to see her Religion re-established, and a Son of her own plac'd in the Throne of* Albion; *that she could not indeed without a great deal of trouble consider the faint Caresses and weak Efforts of the King her Husband*; *and confess'd, that though Glory and Greatness had gain'd the ascendant of her heart, yet she could not without a great deal of regret, resolve to bid defiance to all the other satisfactions of life*; *That though the high Quality of* Lycogenes *had raised her heart above the common Rank, yet she could not perceive but she was still subject to the common Failings of Flesh and Blood*: The lascivious Priest, who all this while was tickling himself with the coming Temper of *Messalina*, supposing he had now rais'd her fancy, to the very Critical point indeed, was resolv'd to press the Discourse home; but some of the Ladies of the Bed-Chamber coming up, the Queen without any more words, walk'd forward into her Bed-Chamber; Father *Pedro* at the same time retiring something dissatisfied with his supposed disappointment, was making what way he could to his Lodgings, but judging it not very late by the Company he saw yet stirring in the Court, he resolv'd to take a turn or two in the Galleries that lead to the descent into the *Forrest* of St. *Jaques*; he had just turn'd the Corner of the first Gallery, when a Young Lady makes up to him with all the haste and

seeming

seeming Concern imaginable: *O Sir*, says she, *my Lady has been in Bed almost this hour, and wonders extreamly what should detain you so long, the Clock has struck One, and all the Court almost are in Bed: Here, Sir, I beseech you, take the Key, the Candle is in the* Lobby; *make as little noise as may be; you need not lock the Door; I'le but just step to the Countess of* Thunderlands *Lodging, and will be back in half an hour.* *Pedro* was extreamly startled at this Adventure, but judging (as indeed it was) some Amorous Assignation, and his Spirits, by *Messalina's* Charming Discourse, being a little before rais'd, he was resolv'd to fill up the vacant place, and answer the Longing Ladies expectation; he was confident the Man design'd must be one of his own Tribe, for by the little glimmering of the distant Lights, he was sure the Maid could not mistake their Garbes, all that troubled him was to find the right Door, if the Maid should have gone before she had open'd it, and he durst not ask her Ladies Name for fear of suspicion: In short, he tells the Maid softly, *She must go back with him a little, for that he had some Business of Importance to leave with her till morning*; the Maid readily returns, and being just come to the Door, *he bids her make what haste she could back, and he would defer his Business till then.* The Maid being gone, he opens the door and perceives they were of *Aspasia's* Lodgings, another of the Queens Confident, and Wife to *Latroon* an *Iberian* Count, and lately made Viceroy of that Kingdom by King *Lycogenes*, *Pedro* was well acquainted with the Lady, and remembred that Father *Sebastian* was reported to be very intimate with her: *Aspasia* was about the Thirty fourth Year of her Age, was always very Fair, had large Grey Eyes very languishing and sweet, she had a very fine Carriage, *debonaire* in her Conversation, and Witty,

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a huge lover of Intrigues, and insatiate in her Wantonnesses; She had formerly been Lov'd by *Polydorus* King of the *Gauls*; as also by King *Lycogenes*, by whom she was first recommended to *Latroon* for a Wife; She seem'd to be the right hand of *Messalina*, who would unload her most secret Thoughts in her Bosom; She was a great Bigot in Paganism, and would often boast of the Vertues and good Nature of the Pagan Priests; She had, as it seems, been often Charm'd with the Conversation of Father *Sebastian*, and had that night, appointed him to come to her Chamber; Father *Pedro* knowing the Lodgings, shuts the Door, and immediately repairs, without Light, to *Aspasia*'s Bed, who by this time, with long Expectation, was fallen into a soft slumber; he locks the Door of her Bed-Chamber, and without stay, undressing, steals softly in, and clasping *Aspasia* in his Arms, she presently wakes; Madamoiselle *de Elvira*'s Beds-head was near to *Aspasia*'s, and separated only by a slight partition, which obliged them to whisper low; *Aspasia* fell a Chiding the suppos'd *Sebastian* for his stay, and Wantonly tells him, *he ought not to have made her suffer Pennance before she had committed the Sin*; he answers her with Kisses and repeated Caresses, and in the intervals of their Amours, would whisper and chat of all the little Intrigues about the Court; Father *Pedro* asks her *how the Queen far'd, and whether* Lycogenes *had as yet been able to give her any assurance of a Son and Heir? Aspasia* sighing, Replyes; 'Alack! *Lycogenes* his mis-'fortune, together with *Messalina*'s severe Vertue, 'she was afraid, would go near to ruine the fairest 'Hopes that ever the Pagans in *Albion* had, or 'would have while the Sun shone; and that un-

'less some speedy Application and Remedy be us'd, 'that glimmering Light, which by the influence 'of *Lycogenes* they did at present enjoy, would 'with his Fall, be turn'd into everlasting Dark-'ness: I know, my Dear *Sebastian*, said she, 'that *Messalina*'s haughty Spirit alone, retards the 'Complement of all our Hopes: She has all the 'common Frailties of our Sex; She Loves, and 'she Confesseth too, and yet her mighty Pride re-'strains her Inclination: She last Night saw Count '*Davila* pass by, when in a sort of Extasie, she 'grasp'd me eagerly, and cry'd; *Look, there's the Count*, Aspasia: 'And when the King once prest her 'to retire with him to Bed, she turns to me, and sigh-'ing, said, *We are going to Sleep*, Aspasia. Nothing could add more to the satisfaction of Father *Pedro*, than this knowledge of the Queens Inclination; and though he had not been mentioned by *Aspasia* to be any way in the Queens Thoughts, he was resolv'd, to push on his own Fortune, to watch the Counts steps, and to come in, if possibly, with him for a share in the Booty: *Aspasia*'s Maid in the mean time being come back, and supposing *Sebastian* and her Lady safe together, was preparing her self for Bed? she was just putting out the Candle when she heard a small knocking at the outward Door; but supposing it to be only some of the Countess of *Thunderlands* Maids, considering she was to wake betimes to let out Father *Sebastian*, she laid her self down without answering: The two Lovers, who by this time had trodden all the secret paths of Love, were now at length disposing themselves to sleep: *Aspasia*, whose thoughts were pleas'd with this Enjoyment of her suppos'd *Sebastian*, was quickly wrapt in Dreams and gentle slumbers; but Father

Pedro

Pedro was kept awake with the cares of managing this Nights Intrigue; he was one while thinking to riſe ſoftly and get off without diſcovery, another while he hop'd by this accident, to render *Aſpaſia* inſtrumental and aſſiſtant to his deſign with the Queen; he fear'd not any thing from *Sebaſtian*'s diſcovery, ſince his Fortune was in his power; beſides, *Aſpaſia*, for her own ſake, would be ſilent in the matter; ſo that at laſt he reſolves to ſtand it out, and without any more concern, turns himſelf about to his reſt: In the morning early *Cleone*, *Aſpaſia*'s truſty Maid, gets up and gives the ſignal at her Ladies door, to the ſuppos'd *Sebaſtian* to riſe; Father *Pedro* had taken care over night to draw the Curtains cloſe about, and claſping *Aſpaſia* in his Arms, he tells her *he was mightily diſturb'd in his ſleep with a Dream concerning Father* Pedro: 'Now you ſpeak of Fa-'ther *Pedro*, cries *Aſpaſia*, I can tell you, that of 'late he is mightily in favour with *Meſſalina* and 'the Count, and he ſeems to ſhare all the favours 'of her good opinion; and to ſpeak the truth, 'Father *Pedro* has all the qualifications in the 'World, that may be requiſite for the Conqueſt 'of the moſt ſtubborn Ladies heart; for beſides the 'advantages of a comely Face and Perſon, he has ſo 'many pretty ways of inſinuating love and friend-'ſhip, that the Queen her ſelf has told me, *That next to Count* Davila, *ſhe did not know a Perſon in the World ſo charming in his Converſation as Father Pedro:* 'You ſpeak, reply'd the ſuppos'd *Sebaſtian*, 'ſo feelingly of the Merit of Father *Pedro*, that I 'have reaſon to fear and reſent him as a Rival; 'and I can hardly aſſure my ſelf I have reaſon to 'boaſt of your Favours, till I can hear you ſpeak 'with more indifferency of him. But tell me,

'my Dear *Aſpaſia*, ſays he, How long have you obſerv'd *Meſſalina*'s ſo advantagious Opinion and Character of Father *Pedro*; the Count, indeed, as well for his former acquaintance in *Italy*, as for the Character he bears of the High-Prieſt's Legate here, may give him a pretence to ſome ſmall ſhare in *Meſſalina*'s thoughts; but as there 'can be no ſuch reaſon on the other ſide, ſo I cannot but wonder, by what Charm Father *Pedro* 'could ſo of a ſuddain advance himſelf into the 'favour of the Queen. *Ask me no more, my Dear,* replies Aſpaſia, *to tell what I am both by Honour and Intereſt obliged to conceal, and aſſure thy ſelf that the ſame motive that induceth the Queen to reſpect Father* Pedro, *will oblige Father* Pedro *to be both thy Friend and mine, and all of our Profeſſion:* 'Accept then, Dear *Aſpaſia*, from this moment, 'ſays he, *Pedro*'s aſſured Love and Friendſhip; '*Pedro* can ne'r forget the favours of this Night, 'Favours by Fate deſign'd alone for *Pedro*. At the pronouncing theſe laſt words, he rais'd his Voice a little, and withdrawing the Curtains, he at once diſcover'd the Counterfeit *Sebaſtian*, and the real *Pedro*. *Aſpaſia*, who at the latter part of his Words, had perceiv'd, not only the Deceit, but the Deceiver, ſeem'd to be in the greateſt confuſion imaginable, till Father *Pedro* firſt imploring her pardon, told her, 'He was extreamly ſorry, 'if he had rob'd her of the ſatisfaction of a more 'worthy Bed-fellow, that Fortune and her Maids 'unwitting importunity had prevail'd with him to 'lay hold of, and improve that lucky minute 'which his inclination, though with deſpair, had 'often made him wiſh for, that by his future en'deavours and ſervices, he hop'd to make her ſen'ſible that *Sebaſtian* was not the only Man in the

'World

'World worthy of her favours; and in the mean 'time he beg'd her impartially to consider whe- 'ther it could be in the power of Man to resist so 'powerful Temptations, as yielding Beauty and 'persuasive Opportunity. *Aspasia* having with abundance of patience heard the wanton Priests Apology, had by this time very well recover'd out of her amazement, and having first reflected on the good behavionr of the Priest in Bed, and then the bad consequences that might arise from a discovery of this nights Intrigue, she thought it her best way to make a virtue of necessity, and close with the Priest without farther jangling, she remember'd the Character she her self had given him, and had now experimented the height of his perfections, she could not perceive her self a loser by the change, nay, rather she had all the advantage of the bargain, nor could the strangeness of the Accident afflict her, since the satisfaction of her life lay chiefly in Intrigues; having briefly run over these considerations to her self, she turns her self with a great deal of assurance to her Lover, and throwing her Arm about his Neck, she tells him, that since he had been an ear Witness of her good Opinion of him, she thought it now to no purpose to dissemble; that though she had not design'd her favours for him at that time, yet she was too well satisfied of his merit to find fault with the error; that if she apprehended any misfortune to her self, it was her fear that he had not found the treasure answerable to his hopes and expectations, & that consequently she might find her self lessen'd in his good Opinion hereafter; the crafty Priest who by this nights Accident had, to his thinking, laid a sure foundation to all his future Projects, huggs the

well-pleas'd Lady in his Arms, and after a thousand reciprocal Wantonneſſes, they ſwear an inviolable Friendſhip to each other: Father *Pedro* repeats to her all the deſign and project of advancing and ſettling the *Pagan* Intereſt during *Lycogenes* his life, and, engages her to preſs the Queen continually to come to a ſpeedy Reſolution as to the point of Regency and Succeſſion; prevails with her to give him a faithful account from time to time of all Tranſactions between the Count and *Meſſalina*, as alſo to give him her aſſiſtance in any matters he ſhould propoſe to her hereafter; to all which *Aſpaſia* readily Aſſents and ſolemnly Swears; and now the Morning being much advanc'd, *Pedro* takes leave of *Aſpaſia*, and prepares to dreſs, when *Cleone* knocks at her Ladys Door, to know if ſhe were ſtirring; *Aſpaſia* deſires *Pedro* to retire into a Cloſet, and ſlipping on her Night Gown opens the door to *Cleone*; the Maid having a while before ſeen *Sebaſtian* with ſome Company walking in the Court Yard, merrily ask'd her Lady when the Lover got out, for that ſhe had not ſeen him go; *Aſpaſia*, fearing *Sebaſtian* might ask *Cleone* queſtions, thought it her beſt way to acquaint her with her own miſtake, and bid her wait a while, for her farther Inſtructions; the Maid had juſt retir'd to the Window of the Withdrawing-Room, when ſhe ſtraight runs back and tells her Lady ſhe ſaw *Sebaſtian* in the Court below making towards her Lodgings; *Aſpaſia* in a great fright runs to the Cloſet, and deſires *Pedro* to be ſilent and ſtill, for that *Sebaſtian* was coming; Father *Pedro* who by this time had got himſelf dreſs'd, thought it would be tedious ſtaying there, and immediately opens the Cloſet Door and marches off, having juſt got to the door going into the Gallery, he

pops

pops just upon the Queen and Count *Davila*, going to the Mosque at St *Jaques*; *Sebastian* had got up among the Queens Retinue and had perceived Father *Pedro* coming out of *Aspasias* Lodgings, he began to ruminate with himself what business Father *Pedro* could have there, and at that time of day, and reflecting on *Aspasias* loose Life, his jealousie prompted to think him that he had lost his Assignation, and had been supplanted the last Night by Father *Pedro*; *Sebastian* was but an Underling in the Priests Tribe in comparison of *Pedro*, but was of a haughty revengeful humour; he was a lusty big Bon'd Man, and had an indifferent good Face, he was a Renegado Christian, and had by the influence and promises of *Aspasia*, while she was in *Gaule*, been perverted to *Paganism*; he had had a long Amour with *Aspasia*, and by her means had been preferr'd to the Brotherhood of the *Pagan* Priests; upon his Jealousie aforesaid he immediately repairs to *Aspasia's* Lodgings, to try if he could make any Discovery; *Aspasia*, to prevent questions, immediately chides him for his Disappointment, he tells her he came not so late but that *Cleone* might have heard him knock; *Cleone* makes a little faultre in her Speech and confirms *Sebastian* in his suspicion, and resolving to be Reveng'd, at least on Father *Pedro*, he clears up his look and falls a toying with *Aspasia*, and owns himself to blame for staying past the time; in the mean while Father *Pedro* having mingled among the Queens Retinue, perceived that *Messalina* and the Count, by the distance that the Attendants kept, were in private Discourse, and guessing at the subject of it, he thought it best not to interrupt them, so turning short he retir'd to his own Lodgings: Count *Davila* having according

to his laſt reſolutions waited with diligence for an Opportunity to try the temper and deſigns of *Meſſalina*, had that Morning, upon pretence of imparting ſome News to her which he had lately received from *Italy* and *France*, been to wait on the Queen, who after ſome extraordinary marks of her ſatisfaction for his preſence, ask'd him to attend her to St. *Jaques*; This kind reception and invitation, confirm'd the Count in his reſolutions of diſcovering his love, and preſſing on the main buſineſs, ſo that he readily uſhers the Queen through the Lodgings to her Chair, and in one of her Coaches follows her to St. *Jaques*, where waiting in the Antichamber till the Queen had done her Devotions at the Moſque, he was ſent for by *Meſſalina* to her Cloſet. The Count was ſo confounded between hope and fear, that he trembled all over when he went in; he was conſidering what the conſequences of his Attempt might be, if by his over-weening fancy he ſhould have miſinterpreted the freedom of *Meſſalina*'s humour; it amaz'd him to think of the dangers he ſhould lay himſelf open to, in owning Love to the Wife of a Potent Monarch, if ſhe were pleaſed to put a bad conſtruction on it, and in the leaſt reſent it; ſuch were the doubts and fears of the Count before he came to the Queen: But alas! theſe glooming thoughts were ſoon blown over, for *Meſſalina* very graciouſly receiving him at the Cloſet-door, and with an extraordinary gayety giving him her Hand, after a turn or two, ſeated her ſelf on a Couch, and commanded the Count to ſit by her, and turning to him, ask'd him merrily, *what News?* The Count by this time was come to himſelf, and with abundance of aſſurance,

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ance graſping her Majeſties hand, told her, 'That the Fame of her Majeſties Beauty and Merit had ſo taken up the Hearts of the People of 'Albion, that where ever he came, he could hear no other Diſcourſe. *Well, My Lord*, replies the Queen, *I thank you for your Complement, and thô I am ignorant of the People of* Albion's *thoughts of me, I dare preſume, my Character paſſes with advantage enough in your opinion.* 'It is now my 'misfortune, replies the Count, not to be able to 'expreſs the ſincerity of my Zeal to your Maje-'ſties Service any otherwiſe than in words, and 'that ſeverity with which your over nice Vertues 'treats all your Admirers, limits and reſtrains the 'innocent freedom even of them: I muſt confeſs, continued he, 'the high Station, Fortune and 'Merit have ſettled you in, may with reaſon ren-'der your Majeſty regardleſs of any proffer of 'Service from me; yet ſince the neceſſity of your 'Affairs (as ſometimes of the greateſt Princes in 'the World) require the advice and aſſiſtance of 'your Subjects and Friends, I hope your long ex-'perience of my Truth and Love, may now pre-'vail with your Majeſty to make me the happy In-'ſtrument of your future Satisfaction.

The Queen who by the ſeveral remonſtrances of her three Counſellors had been both preſs'd and convinc'd of the danger of her Affairs, and being partly overcome by the Sollicitations and Endearments of the Count in particular, reſolv'd now to give a looſe to her natural Inclinations, and thereupon turning to the Count, in a ſoft languiſhing Tone ſhe reply'd, *I muſt at length, dear* Davila, *confeſs my own Frailty and thy Power, my haughty mind I ſee at laſt will ſtoop, and thou art born to be my Conqueror.* The Count who was all this while

in a rapture, throwing himself at her Feet embrac'd her Knees, extolling his own good fortune and her happy Resolutions; he gave her ten thousand Thanks for her preference and good Opinion of him before any of the Nobles in the Court of *Albion*, that his whole thoughts and endeavours should be employ'd to make good her Expectation, and he did not doubt but she should in a little time find her self thoroughly disengaged from all sorrowful Apprehensions: This minutes Condescension and freedom, had so emboldened and assured *Messalina's* heart, that raising the Count, who at every Word was pressing and kissing her fair Hands, she threw her Arms about his Neck, and in amorous Sighs and Murmurs she whisper'd her Wishes in his Ear; ten thousand times she kiss'd his Lipps and Eyes, while with his busie hand he rov'd oe'r all the Fields of Love, sometimes with eager haste he'd climb the Snowy Hills of pleasure, and then as quick retire down to the Vallies and Fountain of Delight and Love; *dear* Davila, *in rapture would she cry, divine* Messalina, *would he reply*; *ah! can you--will you now refuse*, said he; *ah! do not---do not ruine me*, said she; But the Count who through *Messalina's* Eyes saw the temper of her heart, resolv'd not to slip this lucky opportunity, and running first to make the Door secure, he like a hungry *Lyon* seizes his trembling Prey, and in his Arms conveys her to the other side of the Closet, & throwing her gently on the Couch thereby, in eager raptures he lays open & unfolds her secret Treasure, & riffles all the Stores of Love and Beauty; and now *Messalina* having tasted the difference between a Vigorous Lover and a Feeble King, clasping her yet panting *Davila* in her Arms, *I shall indeed be happy*

now said she, *unless the Stars and Heaven conspire against me, I feel at length my* Crown *sit fast upon me, and now my Fate is disengaged from the weak slender Thread of poor* Lycogenes's *Life, my Soul at length will reach its proper Sphere, and I shall with Pride look down and see my most malicious Enemies bowing to my Royal Posterity; no more shall proud* Albion *rejoyce over the Age and Weakness of the King my Husband, no more shall they triumph over my Barren Modesty; thou my dear* Davila *shalt make their Yoke, and with a Gordian Knot, I'll tie it on their Necks; I am big my dear already with the Joy, and doubt not a happy result of our undertakings.* The Count who all this while lay Ravish'd with his Victory, was running over the whole Series of her Charms, one while he reflected on her high Quality and Station, and then her Beauty, Riches, and her Love, did so confound his Senses, he could hardly convince himself his Happiness was Real; sometimes he'd of a sudden grasp her hands, Embrace and Kiss, doubting it was all Vision, Dream, and Fancy: Thus in these Transports did they dally out the time, till trusty *Aspasia* gave notice at the Door, that *Lycogenes* was come into the Forrest, and probably design'd for St *Jaques*; this news strait rouz'd the slumbring wanton Lovers, and hasten'd the Counts departure: The Count conjures her to bless him speedily with such another opportunity; which with a thousand kisses she assures him, and so he takes his leave; he had not well got away before Madam Marchioness *de Tomazo* came up, and finding the Queen in a very pleasant humour, thought to engage her in some discourse concerning their last Consultations; the Marchioness being a great Bigot in the *Pagan* Principles, had

been influenc'd by Father *Pedro* to ſtand his Friend privately, in gaining the Queens Favour upon this juncture, and by his ſubtle inſinuations had been deluded into her Opinion, that it would be much more meritorious for the Queen in the caſe before propos'd, to make uſe of the endeavours of a holy Man, and that it was probable their buſineſs might better ſucceed if the Operation were begun by a Sanctifi'd perſon; theſe and the like inſinuations had prevail'd with the blind Zealot to aſſure the luſtful Prieſt of her Aſſiſtance and Intereſt, and accordingly finding *Meſſalina*, as is aforeſaid, in a jaunty humour, ſhe thought it now a fit time to move the buſineſs.

So making up to *Meſſalina*, ſhe ſaid, 'Tis not 'a little ſatisfaction to me, to ſee your Majeſty at 'this time ſo pleaſantly diſpos'd; and as I do be-'lieve it proceeds from ſome conſiderable cauſe, 'ſo I ſhould receive it as a peculiar obligation 'from your Majeſty, if I might be made either a 'partaker or an aſſiſtant of your Joy. *Thou ſhalt be both, my dear* Tomazo, reply'd the Queen, *and I ſhould give thee reaſon to tax my Juſtice and my Friendſhip, ſhould I let thee participate only of my Sorrows: No, no, my dear* Tomazo, *ſince by thy advice chiefly my ſatisfaction came, 'twould be unreaſonable not to let thee taſte the fruit of thy own works; I have at laſt o'recome that ſubtile Diſputant, Honour; I have reconcil'd thoſe nice points of ſtaſhy Reputation, and begin to taſte the ſolid pleaſure of Intereſt and Ambition: I ſhall be a Queen now indeed, my dear* Tomazo; *the* Count, *the* Count, Tomazo, *will make me a Glorious Powerful Queen: Rejoyce, rejoyce* Tomazo, *and let the* Pagans *of* Albion *all rejoyce*; Mahomet *now will ſurely hear our Prayers, the time will now draw near for*

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our deliverance: Oh! that my Youth and Beauty should be thus long curst to trifle with Age, and State-Impotency: Oh! How I nauseate my former Resolutions, when every scrupulous thought of Honour lost me an Age of Pleasure: Forgive my Indiscretion, would she cry, *when with an awfull Frown I'de check thy good advice: How have I fretted when in thy long and grave Debates thou wouldst urge the necessity of———— I thought Majesty could live without Support, vainly believing I could curb the Polititian, as the Lover with my Frowns: Forgive me, dear* Tomazo, *since at last I am reclaim'd. The Count, my Dear, the Count will make us happy.* The Marchioness, though amaz'd at this extraordinary humour of the Queen, could not however, but guess how affairs stood; and though she had been pretty well satisfied of the Queens resolutions to surrender, yet she thought she would have spent a little more time in Capitulation; however, since the main design was in all probability answers'd, she thought she could do no more than be sorry that the Count had outleap'd her Friend Father *Pedro*, and yet upon better consideration she did not believe it impossible, if matters between the *Count* and the *Queen* did not speedily answer her expectation, but that she might be able at last to make good Father *Pedro's* pretentions.

The *Queens* thoughts were all this while taken up with the *Count*, upon whose Name in sudden raptures she would often call; *Oh! my dear* Davila; *my Life, my Soul, my Deliverer, my Protector,* would she cry; till the Marchioness making up to her broke off her Contemplations, by telling her it was late, 'and ask'd her whether she would 'go back to *Alba Regalis*? *Ay, any where,* reply'd

the Queen, so Davila be there. The King who all this time was walking in the Forrest, had been consulting and discoursing with the Count of Thunderland and another, about establishing the Pagan Interest in Albion, he was deploring his unhappiness in the want of an Heir, and fear'd all his Endeavours without one, would prove ineffectual. The wicked Priest and other corrupted Ministers about him, had buzz'd the Necessity and the Merit of this so far, that Good Prince, he told them, He would be no way wanting to the furtherance and propagation of his Religion in his Kingdom. These Blood-hounds presently snapt at this Gracious Condescention, and communicate the same to Messalina. The Queen, who was conscious how fair a stroke she had made towards the accomplishment of their Desires, and her own Ambition, told them, she would leave all things to the advice and will of the King her Husband; that she did not altogether despair of the blessing of the Gods, and of bearing a Son yet to her Dear Lycogenes; but that at the same time she did verily believe, that if the Powers above were not pleas'd to grant unto her a Son of her own to Inherit the Crown of Albion, and to re-settle the Pagan Religion there, nevertheless she could not in Conscience think her self disengaged from her utmost Endeavours to advance it by some other extravagant means; but as her first Hopes were not altogether as yet in vain, so she could not descend to particulars as to the others. The subtile Priests who saw both the Cunning and the Zeal of Messalina in this answer, were away with all the satisfaction imaginable, concluding now they had nothing more to do than to prescribe a due method for the management of a supposititious Birth, in case the Queen, which they ex-

extreamly fear'd ſhould fail in her hopes, as they ſuppos'd of *Lycogenes*. But alas! poor Wretches, they ſhot extravagantly wide of *Meſſalina's* thoughts, while ſhe could not chooſe but laugh, to think how pleaſantly ſhe had cajol'd them; She had had too long an experience of the Capacity of *Lycogenes* her Husband, to hope for the leaſt encouragement or performance from him; and ſhe had too lately found and approv'd the difference between the *Count* and the *King*, to think of leaving her Buſineſs unfiniſhed, or repenting the change ſhe had made: No, no, ſhe was ſo far from relying on the Weakneſs of her Husband, that ſhe was now continually employ'd in contriving Opportunities to meet and entertain the *Count*, and the ſatisfaction ſhe had received at her laſt Conference with him, had ſo enliven'd her hopes of an anſwerable Succeſs, that among her Confidents ſhe would talk very aſſuredly of the Buſineſs, and would many times be Calculating the hour and time of her Delivery, as if ſhe had known her ſelf with Child by Inſpiration. But alas! theſe were only the flights of a paſſionate Zeal, for when her more lucid Intervals would give her judgment ſcope and free conſideration, ſhe found her principles too weak to infer ſo weighty Concluſions, and was loath to let her hopes reſt on ſo weak a foundation. No doubt the *Count* had been as obliging as a Man under thoſe circumſtances could be expected, and the vaſt temptations of Honor and Riches, beſides the enjoyment of ſo beautiful a Lady as *Meſſalina* really was, had without diſpute put a double Edge on his Vigour and her Expectation, but notwithſtanding her own mighty Faith, ſhe reſolv'd to have a repeated mixture of his good Works, and accor-

dingly ſends him a ſmall Billet by *Aſpaſia* to this purpoſe, *Lycogenes deſigns within theſe two hours to go to W——— and will not be back till to morrow; I deſign to go up the River and lye to night at R———d my Retinue will be very ſmall; and perhaps I may wiſh for Company, I'll leave you to gueſs who would be moſt grateful to* Meſſalina: The *Count* receives the Summons with Joy, and with all ſpeed and ſecreſie prepares for the Aſſignation, The Queen took no body but *Aſpaſia* and the Marchioneſs *de Tomazo* with her; within an hour after her Arrival comes the *Count*, the Ladys know their Duty, and diſcreetly retire, *Davila* whoſe longing appetite had by his firſt delicious taſte been encreas'd, now gluts himſelf in *Meſſalina's* Charms, while her officious fancy builds Worlds of Pleaſure for her ſelf, and vainly flatters her with laſting Satisfaction; Oh! how She'd Doat and Rave, and Kiſs, then Sigh'd, and in ſoft Murmurs Wiſh, and Wiſh, and then abruptly ceaſe, and hide her bluſhing amorous looks in the *Counts* Boſom: Thus did they dally out the winged hours, till *Aſpaſia* came and told them, the Counteſs of *Thunderland* with another Lady, were landed and coming to wait on her Majeſty; *Meſſalina* fearing they would ſtay all Night, as indeed they deſign'd, and not knowing how to beſtow the *Count*, thought it beſt to go back to *Alba Regalis* that Night, and accordingly gives Order for her Galley with all ſpeed, and meeting the Counteſs on the Stair-head, told her ſhe was juſt on her return, and giving her her hand, they immediately take Water and away: The *Count* alſo about an hour after, takes a ſmall Gondola and follows: At this rate did the *Count* and *Meſſalina* correſpond for two or three Months,

and

and no hopeful appearance yet of what they had with so much assurance promised themselves. The *Count* even in *Messalina's* Judgment, had acquitted himself with all the Bravery imaginable, and *Messalina* had not been wanting in her endeavours to bring about a business of so great importance to her Interest; she grieves, he wonders, at so strange a disappointment, they mutually encouraging one another they fall to fresh Endeavours, and Love, and Wish, and Promise, but still in vain: *Messalina*, had during this amorous juncture consider'd both her Pleasure and Interest, but finding that the feeding on the one would starve the other, she told the *Count* frankly that she saw plainly her misfortune, and that she must of necessity have recourse to some more immediate Remedy; that as she had intrusted him with all her Secrets, so she doubted not of his best Advice and Concurrence in a matter she should propose, that she should still retain her good Opinion of him, and wholly imputed the disappointment to defects of her, that however she must make the best of her Affairs, and help out by Art what Nature had deny'd; she put him in mind of their Consult and Resolution, and that nothing but a Son and Heir could secure her Honour, and settle the *Pagan* Interest in *Albion*, she did therefore desire him forthwith to summon a Convocation of two or three discreet Priests, together with himself, *Aspasia*, the *Marchioness*, and some few staunch Courtiers, to propose methods for the due management of this grand Concern, and to engage *Lycogenes* to consent to and further not only this, but whatsoever else they should in their wisdoms think agreeable and necessary for the advance of *Paganism* and the extirpation of the *Christians* throughout *Albion*.

The End of the *FIRST PART.*

THE

Second Part

OF THE

AMOURS

OF

Meſſalina

Late Queen of *ALBION.*

WHEREIN

The Secret Court Intrigues of the Four laſt Years Reign are further purſued; Particularly the

IMPOSTURE

OF THE

CHILD.

By a Woman of Quality, a late Confidant of Q. *MESSALINA.*

LONDON: Printed for *John Lyford*, 1689.

THE
CHILD
OF
IMPOSTURE.
OR,
AMOURS
OF
Sir William
AND
Miss MELVILLE.
By a Woman of Quality, a late Confidante of
COUNTESS SALISBURY.

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

IT *cannot be denied with how much Applauſe the* First Part *of this Hiſtory has been received in the* World, *according to the merits of it, which is in part demonſtrable, from the Account moſt Bookſellers give of their being daily importun'd for the* Second Part, *and there having been but one Party appear'd againſt it,* viz. *the* Pagans *of* Albion, *the Publiſher begs to be excus'd for being ſo Dilatory in Compleating this Hiſtory, not being able to bring in the Secrets of the* LEAGUE, *the* Amours *of* MESSALINA *and* Polydorus, *and other Intrigues of the* Gothick Court *into this Part, on the account the Tranſlator hath lain under great Indiſpoſition of Body, for near theſe three Weeks paſt, and it was not thought adviſable to*

in-

interpose the stile of any other; but he being now on the mending hand, you may expect the Third Part, *which Compleats the whole History, with all the speed imaginable; and he hopes it will prove in this as it does in Mistresses, whose put-offs and delays in matters of possession, does but more whet on the Gallants Appetites; so that when they have once attained to Injoyment, it becomes so Ravishing that their Lovers fancy themselves amply rewarded for all their forbearance and expectation.*

The

The Second PART.

THE *Pagans* of *Albion*, had from the beginning of the Reign of *Lycogenes* with great assurance expected some hapy, and speedy overtures for their eternal settlement in that Kingdom; Nor had *Lycogenes* himself been wanting in his endeavours to over-rule or destroy all that pretended to oppose, or question his proceedings against the Foundamental Rights of his Christian Subjects, he had already remov'd the most of them from all Places of Trust, and contrary to the known Laws of the Land had introduced Persons, by the said Laws incapable to Serve; he had Rais'd and kept up an Army composed of Mercenary's and Forreigners, not only to Terrify, but upon the first happy occation to Oppress all that should contradict his Resolutions; he had for the first three years of his Reign, carry'd all things with so high a hand, that the People of *Albion* from the highest to the lowest, were

in a ſtrange Confuſion to think of the diſmal conſequences that would neceſſarily flow from ſuch Arbitrary Proceedings: and though they had by the ſubtile Inſinuations of a Court Party of Divines, been Poyſon'd with that pernicious poſition of Paſſive Obedience, yet they could not without a great deal of regret behold all the fences and incloſures of their Laws, and Libertiy's thrown down and trampled on, and be obliged to hold their Lives and Eſtates on ſo precarious Terms as the will and diſcretion of an Antichriſtian pack'd Councel: what related to the private ſatisfaction of the King's humour they did with all humility, and unexpected alacrity ſubmit and yield to, bnt when it was plain that the whole Kingdom was Deſign'd and Reſolv'd a Sacrifice, to the Intereſt and Ambition of a few wicked Councellours, and a ſmall party of Men, that had been by publick Acts of the Realm declar'd the Inveterate and Irreconcileable Enemies of all Chriſtians but chiefly of the *Albionites*, they then began to ſearch into the meaſures of their ſubmiſſion, and diligently to enquire how far they were obliged to pay Obedience to the Commands of their Magiſtrates and Governours; and realy upon the ſcrutiny they plainly

plainly perceiv'd their own weakneſs, and the Impoſitions of their Enemies, who by this ſubtile Doctrine had enſnar'd them to ſet their Hands to and Sign as it were their own Deſtruction, ſeveral of the Great and Wiſeſt Men in the Kingdom, had been Debating on this Subject, and all concluded in an acknowledgment of their weakneſs in ſo manifeſtly expoſing themſelves and their Country to the Capricious Humours, or Tyrannical Principles that very often are found in the greateſt Princes, and therefore though from their very Souls they wiſh'd all happineſs imaginable to their King and Governor, yet they thought their duty ſtretch'd too far on the Tenter-hooks, when by a blind ſubmiſſion to irregular Commands they were oblig'd to forego the natural principles of ſelf preſervation, and that by ſeeking officiouſly to add to their Loyalty they muſt neceſſarily detract from their Judgments, Conſcience, and Honeſty: But *Lycogenes*, who by a diligent ſcrutiny, and long experience of the Natures of the people of *Albion*, (to his great ſatisfaction) knew how effectually the Doctrin of *Non-reſiſtance* (which he and his party, with great zeal and induſtry had inſinuated and promoted) had

wrought on his Christian Subjects, thought he had laid a very sure foundation for the introduction of those Novelties and Abuses we have since had impos'd on us, and was by the assiduous Instigations of his *Pagan* Councellors prevail'd upon to resolve the total Extirpation, or at least enslaving of the Christian Hereticks, as he call'd them, in his Dominions, and fearing that all he could do in his own life time, would be insufficient to assure and establish the *Pagan* Faction and Interest, unless he could find such a Successour as should confirm and strengthen what he should now begin, upon these Considerations, I say, he was easily wrought on to consent to any thing his Counsellors should propose for the benefit and establishment of *Paganism* in the said Kingdom, and now what more remain'd, than that the Priests consult and find the most convenient and speedy means to secure their own Interests to indulge *Messelina*'s Ambition, and to sooth *Lycogenes* his Bigotted Zeal: Several ways were propos'd, and some time spent in Arguments and Debates before they could come to a final Resolution.

The Christians of *Albion*, by several Acts of their General Diets, had their Laws, their Liberties, and their Religion secur'd to them

them, and in all, or moſt of their Aſſemblies for one hundred years paſt, they had one or other expreſs Law againſt *Paganiſm*, though none did ſo throughly diſable and leſſen their intereſt in *Albion* as that commonly call'd the *Teſts*; and though ſome good *Chriſtian Diſſenters from the Church of* Albion, were therein ſeverely included, yet they were chiefly intended for the diſcouragement and ſuppreſſion of that pernicious Sect of *Pagans* in *Albion*, *Lycogenes* his private Counſel therefore propoſed the taking *away* theſe *Teſts*, as a neceſſary Preliminary for the introduction of *Paganiſm*; the Project indeed was good, but how to bring it about, was the difficulty, for beſides that the general Diet would hardly be induc'd to abrogate thoſe very Laws which ſome of them ſo lately had ſtickl'd for and promoted, and ſuch Laws whereon their own and the Kingdoms ſecurity ſeem'd more *immediately* to *depend* (the *Pagans* having in all Reigns been proved the irreconcileable Enemys and malicious deſigners againſt the peace and welfare of the Chriſtians in *Albion*) beſides, I ſay, this difficulty, they were obliged to gain the conſent of Prince *Anaximander* and the Princeſs *Artemiſia*, the Preſumptive Heireſs of the Crown, for the Abrogation of the ſaid Laws, and this indeed was the

great business that struck with *Lycogenes*; for as to what concern'd the election of such Members as should serve his turn in the next General Assembly, he bid them take no care, for he was sure he could by his influence procure such persons return'd as should effectually answer his utmost expectations: With all speed therefore persons are employ'd to negotiate with the Prince and Princess for their consent aforesaid, and to lay before them the sincerity of his Majesty's Intentions in that matter, and that his Majesties great and only aim was for the more general accommodation of all his Dissenting Subjects, and that as their Highnesses could not believe that his Majesty would resolve on any thing to their prejudice, so he did not in the least doubt of their Highnesses ready concurrence in so pious an undertaking; but alas poor *Lycogenes* and his Pensionary Counsel had far overshot themselves, when they believed so wise a Prince as *Anaximander* could be so barefacedly decoy'd into an assent to a matter so necessarily and plainly prejudicial to his own and his Princesses interest, as well as to a Kingdom and People, they had reason to respect and take care of as their future loving Subjects, and present hearty Friends, they were not unacquainted with the measures

Lycogenes

Lycogenes had taken from the beginning of his Reign, so directly contrary to the Princess his Daughters Interest, and pernicious and destructive to the Christians, and that by pure force he had already obtruded so many illegal things on his said Christian Subjects, that he wondered *Lycogenes* could pretend to make him or his Princess instruments of their further oppression and misery; such were the Princes resentments, and such was the result of *Lycogenes* his endeavours to make him and his own Daughter Parties for the Subversion of Christianity in *Albion*; and now immediately a grand Consult is called to consider of *Anaximander's* resolutions, and of some other way to promote the grand concern: In the mean time *Messalina* had been tormenting her self with the Apprehensions of her utter disappointment; for though she had kept a constant correspondence with the *Count*, she could not yet perceive her affairs go on so prosperously as she had promised to her self, and the loss of so much time, to her Ambition, did very much qualifie the satisfaction she received in her Amour; however tho' she had *promised* to repair to Art and Policy, to supply the *present defects of Nature*, she could not resolve to abandon the

Love and Service of the *Count*: Nay, upon mature consideration, she concluded, that the continuation of her Amour with him, could not be any way prejudicial to the other design they were now undertaking, for supposing she should really *conceive* any considerable time after the feigned report of her being with Child, the absurdity of the report of this could not any way be prejudicial to the real truth of the other, the assured Birth of a Prince being all that could be expected or desir'd; and consequently, any reflections on the other would vanish as a mistake, which Women in such cases are very often subject to. The *Marchioness de Tomazo*, would daily encourage her belief of succeeding, and promised her assistance, by imparting to her a Secret to help Conception; the *Queen* was wonderfully pleas'd, even with the Flattery of the old Matron; but for fear of the worst, was resolv'd to have the other Project speedily set on foot, she went to the King's Apartment immediately to hear what they had resolv'd on, and how it was agreed to be manag'd, where she found the trusty Cabal in hot and close debate. She had order'd *Aspasia*, the *Marchioness de Tomazo*, & *Father Pedro* to be there, & *Lycogenes* had introduc'd the *Count* & *Polyarchetes*

orchetes the Chief Commissioner of his *Court of Conscience*, having *exreriene'd* his Fidelity in matters of the *greatest* importance, and had rais'd him to that high Station *meerly* to be an *instrument* in his *future undertakings*.

Lycogenes upon the Arrival of the *Queen* arose, requiring the Company not to separate till they had wholly concluded on the means and manner of new modeling and setling the Kingdom of *Albion*, the *Queen* likewise as soon as she had seated her self commanded them to give her an account of their Proceedings. *Poliorchetes* the Chancellor then rising and making a profound reverence to the *Queen*, deliver'd his Opinion thus: 'It is not unknown, 'mighty *Soveraign*, how zealous I have been 'in bringing about and promoting whatso-'ever might be thought advantageous to 'your interest; nor do I now presume to 'recount my Services for any other purpose 'than to manifest my gratitude and wil-'lingness to engage again and again for e-'ver on any action and design *your Maje-'sties*, or this Honourable Board, shall think 'meet to prescribe; I know the wisdom of 'this Noble Company, cannot be wanting 'to appoint such Rules as shall for ever se-'cure the *Pagan* interest in *Albion*, and sa-'tisfie *your Majesties* utmost Expectation;

notwithstanding since the nature of my Employments, and some years strict enquiery into the ways and Inclinations of the people of *Albion*, may with reason have render'd me capable of judging of the most secure, and convenient ways to deal with them. I shall not be thought vain if I presume freely, to deliver my opinion in this Matter. The *Albionites* where they have received Graces or Favours from their Princes, are like the wanton Ass in the Fable, ready to leap on their Master, and by the incouragement of two or three benefits, they fawcily approach him with their ill natur'd Jeasts, and constantly pester him with their rude Importunities, but when too much Indulgence has rendred them Insupportable, do but show them the Rod, and like Children they shrink, and with patience submit to the Justice of your Correction; You remember their Insolence in *Perkin's* Rebellion, when with unbounded Blasphemy they would threaten the Safety and Honour of our Royal Master, and yet the Sword of Justice was no sooner unsheath'd against them, but with horror they fly, and call even to the Mountains to cover them, you have heard with what patience they submitted to their Tryals, and reproached

even

'even my Sentence with their *Base Servile*
'Sufferings, my advice therefore is to fol-
'low the example of the Great *Polydorus*,
'to get an Army of *Pagans* from *Iberia* and
'*Gothland*, and so to Dragoon them into a
'civil compliance, Oh! that every year
'would produce a Western Expedition,
'I'de soon rid the Kingdom of all our An-
'tagonists, and make every Circuit more
'Terrible than an Inquisition, we have too
'long nursed them with the Milk of our
'Affection, and like the profligate *Israelites*
'they grumble at their *Manna*, *Albion* has
'Surfeited on Ease and Prosperity, and the
'Feavour can't abate but by letting of Blood,
'let us make a full Harvest of these Hot-
'headed Christians (as they boast them-
'selves) and at once root out these obsti-
'nate Disturbers of our Peace: The Queen
'who was naturally of a malicious sullen
'Temper, and who was not ignorant how
'stubborn and averse the *Albionites* were to
'her Interest, had heard *Poliorchetes* speak
'with a bundance of satisfaction, but being
'willing to hear what the rest would
'propose, giving thanks to the Chancel-
'lour she expected with impatience their
'Thoughts and Opinions. When *Pedro* ris-
'ing up, said he could not but Applaud
'the Zeal and Opinion of *Poliorchetes*,

'and wish'd that his design could be as easi-
'ly executed as propos'd, that his aversion
'and malice to the Christians of *Albion* had
'inspir'd him with such desires of Revenge,
'that with *Nero* he wish'd they had all but
'one Neck, and that he among his Frater-
'nity, did not doubt to find thousands that
'would strive to be their Executioner, but
'that to his sorrow he fear'd the Chancel-
'lours project, however well design'd, would
'not be feasible, for besides the Alarm that
'Forreign Auxiliaries would raise through-
'out the Kingdom, the natural antipathy,
'that the *Albionites* had both to the *Gauls*,
'and *Iberians* was such, that they would
'incontinently rise to Repel and Destroy
'them, and that if those Forreigners should
'fail in their Attempt, the reproach of the
'design would be wholly thrown on *Lyco-*
'*genes* and his Court, and that it would
'beget so implacable a malice in the Heart
'of the *Albionites* (who were most of them
'Christians) that he might justly fear a
'general revolt, and thereby the total ru-
'ine of the *Pagan* Interest in *Albion* for e-
'ver, his opinion therefore was, that they
'should rather ensnare and delude them,
'and so at advantage cut them off and
'destroy them, tis known said he how
'wonderfully our fraternity have promote-

't

'the *Mahometan* Interest by their subtile and
'secret Plots and Contrivances, have not
'we by fomenting and raising Divisions be-
'tween the Regular and Dissenting *Christi-*
'*ans* in *Albion* more weakened the strength
'of the pretended Reformado's than ever
'*Polydorus* by his Dragoons or Contributi-
'ons? *Albion* (with submission to the *Chan-*
'*cellor*) is not by publick Hostility to be
'forc'd, they are valiant in their Natures,
'and stubborn in their Principles, and
'though the hopeful Doctrine of *Passive*
'*Obedience* and *sweet Non-resistence* has been
'useful unto us, and lull'd them for a while,
'yet it may be dangerous to raise those
'*sleeping Lions* within them, lest we too
'late *repent* our over-fond Credulity, and to
'our sorrow feel the effects of their *resent-*
'*ments*; set your Policies on work if you
'wish to prevail, and if you must *strike*, let
'it be in the *dark*; we all of us know we are
'sick, and out of order, but few of us con-
'sider the root and cause of our distemper,
'all disinterested persons would think at
'first view, that we were now in a hopeful
'way of thriving, we have a King not only
'a *Pagan* and our Friend, but zealous and
'resolv'd to go through with his work; but
'alas is resolution sufficient without means?
'Tis true, by his power he can secure us for

 'a while,

'a while; but what will that signifie to a 'lasting satisfaction? How do our Enemies 'wait and gape for his death? And with the 'hopes of revenge after his dissolution they 'patiently submit to their present Impositi-'ons; we know the main Pillars whereon 'they all lean, *Anaximander* and *Artemisia* 'are their delight and their hope, the Prin-'cess *Philadelphia* waits too in reversion, and 'from *these three* do spring all our fears and 'misfortunes, and I and my Brethren bear 'the Title of our great Prophet, and suffer 'his Cause to be shaken by the weak inter-'cession of *three single Lives*; Oh Holy *Loy-'ola*, our first Holy Patron and Founder, 'how would thy mighty Spirit fret and 'and grieve within thee, shouldst thou see 'the *degenerate baseness* of thy unworthy 'Followers? Where are the Records of all 'our Glorious Hero's that have trod on the 'Necks of Emperors, and pierc'd the Hearts 'of Kings, to propagate and vindicate our 'Holy Religion, can we forget *Borgia*, *Cle-'ment*, *Ravilliac* and others, who have free-'ly Sacrific'd themselves for their Religion, 'and for reasons less considerable than ours, 'and can we tamely remit all our present 'Advantages, and be baffled of our *future 'hopes*, by the weak puny opposition of 'three petty pretenders*? No, no, continued

he,

he, let us lay hold on the *present* opportunity, and at once finish our long wish'd for deliverance: These *three* must fall a sacrifice to our Prophet, and from the removal of that cause will all our other Apprehensions cease.

Father *Pedro* had always bore such reputation with *Lycogenes* and *Messalina* that they look'd on his Counsels little inferiour to Oracles, and though the execution of them had always prov'd prejudicial, through their great violence, to the *Pagan* Interest, yet they could not but value the sincerity of his meaning, and always applauded his wise apprehensions; they knew his proposals in this Zealous Oration were very consonant to reason, and agreeable to their true interest, but knowing that the Eyes of all *Europe* were upon these three Princes, and that the least baseness and imposition upon them would engage all *Christendom* in their quarrel, they could not so readily *conclude*, or resolve upon any violence against their persons; besides, *Pedro* in a small Apology afterwards insinuated to the Company, the *inconvenience* of letting the King know any thing of this Project, if happily they should all agree upon it. *For* (said he) *though I know Lycogenes's Zeal would make him overlook a*

thoasand difficulties, yet nature and conscience could not with any decency or reason be suppos'd capable of being so wholly obliterated as to consent to any barbarity upon the persons of his own children; but again, what may prove a sufficient ground of scruple in him, may at the same time leave us free and disinterested from every thing and person that stands in opposition to our designs. The Company however upon the Considerations aforesaid were very unwilling to engage in *Pedro*'s Resolutions or Proposals, and incontinently desir'd the *Marchioness de Tomazo*, to give her opinion of this grand Affair. The *Marchioness* who had *been* a Woman of Amour most of her time, and who now, though *Age* had *ungenerously* depri'd her of *the power to please*, was very fond and Ambitious of being thought a Woman of *Intrigue*, had heard the violent Counsels, and Proposals of the *Chancellor* and Father *Pedro* with a great deal of *impatience* and *displeasure*; she could not digest those rough and hard terms of cutting of Throats, Poysoning, or Assassinations, she had been always us'd to Amorous Sighs, *Billet deux*, and Assignations; therefore rising and making her Compliment to *Messalina*, and giving a hard look on *Poliorchetes* and *Pedro*,

she

she thus began: *'Tis not without the greatest regret imaginable, that I find my self obliged to contradict persons whose known wisdom and experience in the world may with reason claim an entire submission of judgment from me, and though the command and service of her Majesty, may sufficiently apologize for the freedom and liberty of my opinion, yet I doubt not from the nature of the busines in hand to prove that what both these honourable persons have delivered as their opinions, if followed, will be inconsistent with the safety of her Majesty, prejudicial to the* Pagan *interest in* Albion *for ever, and extreamly difficult, if not impossible to be brought about; nor do I need to say much to dissuade this Honourable Company from the following their proposals, since* Father Pedro *has already evinc'd and made clear the fallacy of the* Chancellor's *project, and the rest of the Company have sufficiently shew'd their dislike of Father* Pedro's; *I shall now therefore proceed to give my opinion, and if I shall have the good fortune to convince your reasons, and draw you into a concurrence, you will then be so just to believe that the freedom of my censure proceeds from other causes than that of meer contradiction; we all agree in the main point, that some course must be taken for re-establishing and securing the* Pagan *Interest in* Albion, *so as that it should not*

seem entirely to depend on the uncertain life of the King, *and though the opinion of my self and the* Count Davila, *who doubtless receives all his measures from the Conclave, and from* Boanerges *the High-priest, have been by these two Gentlemen opposed, at least neglected, yet I have not been so apprehensive as to hear any new thing proposed, as is capable of making me or the* Count *recede from our former resolutions, I am sure if it take 'tis the only effectual way to preserve us entire; I am as sure 'tis as easie, as in a matter of that importance can be wish'd, it may be brought about with so little discomposure of the publick peace, that it shall rather gain the general applause of the Kingdom; will not the attaining our desires answer all expectations? what necessity of cutting those Throats which with abundance of ease we can make instrumental and accessary to our designs, the supposition of an Heir Male quashes all other pretenders in a moment, and surely* Albion *is not so barren or ill natur'd as to deny* Lycogenes *a Son. No, no,* (replys Poliorchetes, interrupting the *Marchioness*) *we have daily experience of the fruitfulness of the Women of* Albian, *but yet we cannot apprehend how* Lycogenes *can expect to reap where he has not had the power, or the will to sow. The will indeed* (said *Aspasia* sighing) *I believe her Majesty can vouch for, but to the sorrow and*

confusion of us all, he wants the power. Let us then (continued the *Marchioness*) *no longer deplore, but endeavour to supply those unfortunate defects of the King our Master; consider on what nice points our Honour and Interest depend, time will not stay for vain and fruitless wishes, and if we slip so fair an opportunity, we shall seem to despise providence, ruine our interest for ever, and fall the reproach of our Enemies, and unpitied by all the* Pagans *throughout the World.* Polyorchetes had heard these last words with wonderful surprise, for his thoughts having run wholly on the extirpation of the *Christians* by Fire and Sword, he had not so much as dream'd of any possibility of milder means, and now guessing at what the *Marchioness* had insinuated, he was extreamly tickl'd with the project, and desired the *Marchioness*, That since she had propos'd something extraordinary, she would be pleas'd to explain her self, so as that they might endeavour to solve any difficulties that might arise upon a strict examination of the design: *The difficulty's* (reply'd the *Marchioness*) *are so small, in comparison of that advantage we shall reap, that among us they will not admit of a dispute; besides, we have had a president of what I propose, which though it miscarried in the main, yet it*

was not for want of power, but will of some Partys concerned to bring it about; That an Heir is absolutely necessary to confirm and settle our otherwise fading hopes we all agree, and shall not we submit to necessity, and endeavour to restore by art what envious nature, or curst fortune have ruin'd or withheld? It must be so, (reply'd *Messalina*) *it must be so, and there is no other to uphold my tottering Crown: It must be so, and yet my boding Soul foretells it won't succeed; these saucy* Albionites, *will still be prying, and every step I make will have remarks.* Rejoyce, *Dread Soveraign,* (reply'd Polyorchetes) (who had already taken that hint) *the* Marchioness *has in one word finished what the united strength of my dull brain could ne're attempt, but now the game is up, I'll keep the scent, and work it on to a desired perfection. Why should your Majesty* (reply'd Pedro) *despair at all of due success? Does your Majesty want power, or friends, or opportunity to act what a Predecessor and Namesake with so much disadvantage had effected if* Philippo *had prov'd but half so generous as is the brave* Lycogenes. *Can you doubt the success of any Enterprise when you have so powerful assistance even from your Enemies? Could she carry on a design of the same nature even to the brink of performance, so as to amuse, nay, to convince all orders of the Kingdom of the*

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reality of it? And can you doubt at last of fail-ing? She had a sharp-sighted Parliament, near five hundred of the wisest in the Kingdom to combat with, who were strict in their obser-vance, suspicious of her dealing, and resolute against any imposition; she had the Nobility on one hand, the King her Husband of the other; and yet she baffled all but that narrow-hearted Prince, who like the Dog in the Manger could neither eat the Hay himself, nor would suffer the Horses; he had seen himself incapable of re-establishing the Pagan *interest by the assurance of an Heir, and was so covetous and mean as to hinder the propagation of it by another, whereas your Majesty stands on sure grounds, you have a strong party in the Court of wise and able men to advise you, you have a potent Army ready to protect and defend you, but above all you have a Husband and a King to assist, and further you; who dares even suspect you? who would presume to prove you? By your word, you create an Heir, and your command settles the King-dom for ever.* Thus *Pedro* spoke, and a general applause run through the whole Company, there remain'd only *Aspasia* and the Queen to give their Sentiments and Opinions, and *Aspasia* declaring in short, that Father *Pedro* had wholly satis-fied her thoughts and desires in this jun-cture, and that she wholly submitted to

the judgment of the Queen. *Messalina* raising her self, briefly gave her resolution thus: *Nothing can give us greater encouragement and assurance of success, than the zeal and fidelity of you our beloved Counsellors, and since our business presseth for a speedy conclusion, I shall need say no more, than that I do, and shall assent to what the Majority of you,* viz. *the* Marchioness de Tomazo, Aspasia, *and* Pedro *have laid down; there remains therefore no more but that you immediately consult of the manner and method of bringing it on, and from time to time to communicate your advice to us; I advise and think fit that* Boanerges *the High Priest our most Holy Kinsman, have timely notice of your proceedings, as also* Polydorus *our Royal Friend and Ally, that they may take care to order Affairs in Forreign Parts, so as that we may have the universal assistance of all our Friends to promote a Project so highly advantageous to all their Interests.*

This gracious Speech and Condescention was received with unspeakable joy by the Counsel, and Father *Pedro* stepping to the Door, gave orders for private Thanksgiving throughout all the *Mosques* in *Albion*, as also for Processions, Feasts, and other expressions of joy; and having again seated himself, they immediately

fall close to the point. The first business they resolve on is, That being five in number, *viz.* the *Count*, *Pedro*, *Polyorchetes*, the *Chancellor*, the *Marchioness de Tomazo*, and *Assasia*, they severally have several Employments and Offices assigned them, for the more effectual and speedy accomplishment of their business. The *Count* who by his Office and Interest with *Boanerges*, could claim a Domination over the *Pagan* Priests, was to summon a Convocation, and to give them instructions how to disperse the News of her Conception, and to insinuate, as if by Divine Inspiration they knew it would be a Prince, as also to quash any Objections or Doubts concerning it, and to make remarks of the persons: Father *Pedro* was to be made one of the Privy-Council, and as he was one of the chief Contrivers at first, so now he was to enliven and confirm the report of the Queens Conception at the publick Board, and to represent it with all the seeming Candour imaginable, he was to silence all Disputes and Contests that might happily arise upon it, and to make motions to the Board, to give such order concerning her Majesty, and the Child, as should gain a General

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Approbation and belief throughout the Kingdom, and though there arose a Controversie whether it were not fitter for some other *Pagan* Lords of *Albion* to espouse this part, yet they soon concluded on the ability of *Pedro*, who was better qualify'd to represent it in handsom Colours, and consequently would go down the glibber, and pass secure with the people, seeing they had so good Vouchers as Privy-Councellors: The *Chancellor* being a Man of an hardned Constitution, was appointed to wait with diligence against the time of the pretended Birth, and by a positive Asseveration, if any suspicion should arise (as in all Cheats probably may happen) he was to maintain the *Rem in Re*, which from so grave a person as the chief Judge of Conscience, would surely be believ'd, and as readily assented to, as the words of an Oracle: *Asyasia* being concern'd so near *Messalina* as Lady of the Bed-Chamber, *&c.* She was to Caress the Ladys with the joyful News of the Queens Conception, and from time to time insinuate passages belonging to Child-bearing, to give an account of the growth of the Burthen, and to make the thing feasible she was to carry

on a ſuſpicion or fear of a Miſcarriage, and it being once granted that ſhe could poſſibly Miſcarry, included the belief that ſhe was really Teeming: And now there was none but the Marchioneſs remaining, who being a Woman, as is before ſaid, of a quick Judgment in Intrigues, and who knew well how to manage an Impoſture of that nature, it was laid upon her with Secrecy and Aſſurance to procure two or three young wholſome Women whoſe time of Delivery ſhould critically agree with the Queen's time allotted and ſet down by this Councel; the Marchioneſs was not diſſatisfied with the Task, though ſhe could not but be ſenſible it requir'd depth of Judgment, a great deal of diſcreet Enquiry, and continual Care to manage them to a Hairs breadth, leſt any unlucky accident might ſpoil the whole Intregue, but upon a little conſideration ſhe remembred ſhe had heard an Inkling of a young Kinſwoman of her own, how that through weakneſs ſhe had been forc'd to ſurrender her Virginity to the Aſſaults of a young Spark, who had ſince forſaken her, and had withal left her a ſure pledg of his Love and Vigour, ſo that being ſo well encouraged at firſt ſhe readily ſubmits to the Commands of the

Board, and engages upon Honour to anſwer their Expectation; and now the generals being concluded on and appointed, they diſperſe, and forthwith apply themſelves to their ſeveral Employments, and as a Prologue to their intended Villany, they give out, among their own Party, at leaſt, the neceſſity of Unity in their Prayers to their Saints and the Deity, to ſend their Majeſty's an Heir to ſucceed him in his Throne and Dominions, and to ſettle their Holy Religion in this Heretical Land, they cauſe Proceſſions and Pilgrimages, Offerings and Supplications, to be made, firſt to the great Saint at *Loretto* then to St. *Winifred*; and they cauſe *Meſſalina* to repair to ſeveral Waters that are famous Antidotes againſt Barrenneſs, thó at the ſame time they did not conſider that the People look'd upon it very awkard and ſtrange, that the Queen had never found out this way of preparing for Childbearing before; but ſuch are the practices of the Pagan Religion, that the greateſt Villanies and Rogueries they intend to commit are ſtill preceded and uſher'd in with great appearances of Sanctity; and now all things being in a readineſs, the Queen declares her ſelf publickly to be with Child, and Orders were given for

publick Thanksgiving throughout the Isles, and in other Forreign parts; Rejoycings and Feastings were made by the Kings Residents and Ambassadors; especially in *Rome* and *Gaule*; as if it were not enough to impose so great a Villiany on the whole Kingdom, without enforcing them to prevaricate with the Deity in their Prayers, and to make Petitions for that which really was not; but notwithstanding all the Contrivance and Advice to carry on this Intrigue, the People, especially the Christian Nobles and Gentry of *Albion* were mightily surprised with so improbable an Accident; & though by reason of an Indisposition, which *Messalina* for some while before lay under, the Kings weakness and other circumstances, they could not readily free themselves from a suspicion of Treachery, yet they resolv'd to bear themselves with all moderation, and to have a diligent Eye upon *Messalina* and all about her, the first real occasion of dislike was, that the Queen did not treat the Christian Ladies of *Albion*, especially the Princess *Philadelpha*, with that freedom as the joy and pride of so great a happiness, if real, would naturally have prompted her to; for she would resent it highly if she could but observe any of the Christians making the least observa-

tions of her Breasts, Belly, her Look, or any other Symptome, by which Women in that Condition are easily distinguished; another great reason was, that she seem'd to slight the Pretensions of the Princess *Artemisia*, so as there was not the least intimation given her to be at the Queens Labour till within a very few days before she was Deliver'd; besides, the Confidence of the *Pagan* Party did strangely startle the People, when like Oracles they would affirm that of necessity it must be a Prince: These and many other material circumstances made the *Albionites* talk broadly of the business; nor were *Lycogenes* and *Messalina* ignorant of their Sentiments: however having the Power absolutely in their hands, they were resolved to cut that knot which they found impossible to untie, and since they had thus far advanced in a business of that importance, they resolv'd to go through and bring it about though with a thousand absurdities and incoherences; for besides the alteration of her Reckoning, which proceeded partly from a fear of disappointment if the Woman that came first should have brought forth a Girl, but chiefly to amuse the Nobility and Gentry of the Court and Kingdom, who would doubtless have mad-

it their buſineſs in behalf of the Princeſs *Artemiſia* and the Kingdom, to attend and watch that all things might have been carryed fairly and above board; I ſay, beſides the alteration of her reckoning ſhe would give out upon every turn different places of her pretended lying-in, ſometimes ſhe would give orders for *R——d*, at other times ſhe would remove her fancy to *H——*Court, but in reality St. *Jaques* was the place reſolv'd on, for *Alba Regalis* the whole party diſallow'd, becauſe by reaſon of the multitude and concourſe of People that conſtantly attend there, ſhe could not poſſibly have been ſo privately Deliver'd as the Intrigue did neceſſarily require; beſides, there was no convenience for the Child to be brought through the Galleries or Lodgings, but in the Palace of St. *Jaques*, there was a Seraglio and a Moſque adjoyning with abundance of winding by dark Chambers, ſecret Paſſages, Trap-doors and dark Corners, where not only one or two of the Women were with great ſecurity and ſecrecy kept till the time of their delivery, but where the Queen might have the Child ſoiſted into her Bed reaking and hot from the Womb, but in the heat of all this intrigue and deſign *Lycogenes* was unluckily

ly put in mind that by the Laws of *Albion* the preſence of one or more of the Chriſtian Prelates was to be at the Birth of every Royal Infant indiſpenſably required; to reſolve this difficulty a Council is immediately call'd, and after ſundry debates it is concluded, that ſome way or other muſt be found to bring all or moſt of the diſſenting part into a premunire, and ſo by aggravation either to endanger their lives, or at leaſt to clap them up and ſecure them till the Queens Delivery; accordingly a flaw was immediatly found and the Prelates forthwith confin'd: and now nothing but the preſence of the Princeſs *Philadelpha* was fear'd, but what cannot the craft of the wicked Jebuſites bring about? that Princeſs had unfortunately complain'd of ſome ſmall indiſpoſition, when the Queen immediately takes the hint, and by the means of *Pedro* and ſome other Malecontents, ſhe prevails with her Phyſician to perſwade her to take a Journey to the Waters of *Baijæ*, though the Operation of thoſe Waters was manifeſtly known to be contrary to the Princeſs's Diſtemper, they being looſening, and ſhe wanting Reſtringents; but her abſence was abſolutely neceſſary, and therefore by any means to be obtain'd; the Princeſs

according to their wiſhes leaves the Court, and they were reſolv'd to do their buſineſs before her return; and now all things to appearance ſeem'd to favour the deſign, the time preſcrib'd drew near, their greateſt Adverſaries were remov'd, the Court Party, and Pagan Prieſts, with daily Stories and Shams were amuſing and taking off the attention of the Chriſtians; all things ſeem'd ſmooth, and the Critical Minute was at hand, when news was brought to *Meſſalina*, that one of the Women was in Labour, immediately the Queen takes her Chair, and haſtes over to St. *Jaques*, but before ſhe had well aſcended the Stairs, ſhe was told, that Woman had brought forth a Girl, with which being for the preſent confounded, ſhe deſcends, leaving before ſuch Orders as were neceſſary; the other Women expecting their Times Daily and Hourly; and indeed ere three Days were over ſhe receiving another Summons, repair forthwith to St. *Jaques*, ſhe ſtays there all Night with long expectation of Succeſs, early the next Morning ſhe receives the glad Tidings that a Man Child was Born, which with all ſpeed was convey'd to the Dormitory adjoining to her Bed-Chamber, in the ſame reeking Circumſtances it was Born in, and having before taken care for the conducting of it to the Queens Bed, the Alarm is given at *Alba Regalis*, that the Queen was in Labour; *Lycogenes* had that Morning roſe ſomething earlier than ordinary, and had croſt over to his own ſide on purpoſe to draw off the Men with him, and conſequently to favour the Cheat, by leaving as few as poſſible about the Queens Apartment; in the mean time Madamoizell *de W-----s* having before given the Infant a ſmall Opiate to hinder its Crying for the preſent lays it gently in a large Warming-Pan made on

 purpoſe,

purpose, and lin'd with velvet for the more commodious and easie carriage, and the Queen rising under pretence of giving liberty for warming the Bed Madamoiselle unlades her vessel and leaves the Infant in the place appointed; the Queen strait returning to Bed the Room immediately fills, tho none were summon'd but such as *Lycogenes* thought were afraid to make a doubt or a scrutiny into the truth of it, or those whom *Lycogenes* had already prepar'd to swallow and favour the imposition; and now the pretended Prince being Born the *Pagans* of *Albion* begin their Jubilee, *Latroon* Governor of *Iberia* begins to double the Persecution of the Christians there, *Polydorus* by a strict Alliance and LEAGUE with *Lycogenes*, thinks of nothing but an Universal Monarchy, *Lycogenes* doubles the Oppressions of his Christian Subjects, *Messalina* boasts of the downfall of Heresie, and a perpetual Regency, during her Life: The poor Christians, especially the *Albionites*, though something apprehensive of the Consequences of this Intrigue, were yet by their constant Remarques of all Transactions since the Report of *Messalina's* Conception sufficiently satisfied of the fallacy and cheat, and resolv'd on measures which they doubted not would in a little time unravel the whole Mystery.

FINIS.

THE Third Part OF THE AMOURS OF Meſſalina.

WHEREIN,

The Secret Intrigues of the Four laſt Years Reign are Compleated.

AND THE

Love Adventures of *Polydorus* King of the *Gauls*,

AND THE

Late Queen of *ALBION*, Made Publick.

By a Woman of Quality, a late Confidant of Q. *MESSALINA*.

LONDON: Printed for *John Lyford*, 1689.

THE Bookſeller TO THE READER.

THE *Promis'd, and long Expected* Third Part of the Amours of our *MESSALINA, is here at your Service: And though ſome Criticks I am inform'd (and indeed my* Sale *tells me as much) have not put an equal value on the two foregoing* Parts, *the* Second *lying under the Repute of much Inferiour to the* Firſt: *My* Hiſtorian *makes no other Apology, than that the Fair* Meſſalina *had ſo many Engines at Work, in turning that great Hinge of the* Pagan Glory, *Her* Warming-pan Plot; *and her Hands and Head ſo full of* Politicks *on that Important Occaſion, that She then wanted Leiſure for* Intrigue

and Amour; *which indeed being the main Delight of the Generality of my Readers, might perhaps leſſen the Satisfaction expected from the* Second Part. *But ſince her Majeſties Departure from the* Heretick Albion, *has Tranſlated her to a more agreeable and natural Element, the* Pagan Court *of* Gothland; *her heavier and ſullen* Buſineſs *ſhe begins to ſhake off, and reſumes the lighter Air of* Love *and* Pleaſure. *And accordingly we dare, without Vanity, aſſure our* Kind Reader, *That the former Defects are ſupplyed in the Entertainment of this* Third Part *of her Hiſtory. An Amorous* Polydorus, *little leſs famed under the Banners of* Cupid, *than the ſometimes Glorious* Britomard *himſelf, lying at the Feet of the Adored* Meſſalina, *affords a little mre Matter of Adventure and Diverſion. With this Recommendation to our little Volumn of the Great* Meſſalina, *We beg your preſent generous Acceptance. And if you find your* Meſſalina *warm with any extraordinary Spark for the Imperial* Polydorus; *you are to conſider, that the Sanctuary and Glorious Reception ſhe meets in the Court of her ever firm Friend, the King of the* Gauls, *have Inſpired her with no ſmall Gratitude to that MOST PAGAN* Heroe, *and* Champion *of her* Altars.

The Third PART.

LOVE could no longer brook this interfering Buſineſs in the Court of *Albion*; for ſeeing with Indignation, how Ambition daily had intrench'd on his Prerogative, he reaſſumes his long neglected Darts, and vows ſevere Revenge on his Rebellious Subjects. And now *Meſſalina*'s haughty Heart, which vaſt aſpiring Hopes had long engaged, ſoftens again in Gentleneſs and Love: She had ſeen the Languets of her Charming Count, and heard his gentle Murmurs with Compaſſion; ſhe knew the great reſtraint he forc'd upon his Heart, when by reaſon of her numerous Attendants, and Viſitours, he had not opportunity to breath his Love; ſometimes a Wink, an Amorous Look, or Sigh, ſhe would by ſtealth return; or otherwiſe, in ſome Ambignous Words, ſhe would diſcover her Concern and Care, for his endearing Paſſion; but in ſuch dumb ſhows alone, as there were more than Three Weeks ſpent, e're ſhe could poſſibly engage, or ſpeak with him alone. During which time, her Beauty, with the Satisfaction of her Mind, was much improved; and that forc'd Abſtinence, which her pretended Child-bearing had made her undergo, conduc'd as well to carry on the Cheat, as to revive ſome fading Glories in her Face, caus'd by the Fears and Apprehenſions of Miſcarrying. Now, in Triumphant Wiſe, ſhe'd Walk, and Look, and with Diſdainful Jeſts,

among her Confidents, Laugh at the weak dull *Christians* of the Court. *Come Dear* Aspasia, would she say, *let us no longer doubt of good Success; let's every Year bring forth a Son, and stock the Kingdom with a Race of* Pagan *Princes; shall my aspiring lofty Soul, stoop to the nice Destructive Rules of their insipid Morals? One flight of* Pagan *Fancy quite out-strips their heavy tedious Motions, and till now, our Fears alone have been our Bugbear Apparitions: With how much ease, did we Contrive and Finish, what some faint puny hearted Creatures thought impossible? Oh how I am pleased to think, how naturally I manag'd the Intreague: Didst thou observe, how gravely some would stand; and when my feigned Groans and Cries, would reach their Ears, how then Officiously they'd shake their Heads, devoutly lifting up their Hands, and pray for my Delivery? Then, when my seeming Pains would make me faintish, with what Concern they'd Sigh and Whisper, while I would gently grasp, and turn to thee, and smile at the Success of our Invention. Come, Come, let's see this Darling of our Hopes, this Ground-work of our Everlasting Joy; long Live, and Live to Reign, my little blooming Life, and Live to be the Scourge of our Curst* Christian *Foes; I'll swear thee, like another* Hanibal, *their Mortal Foe; each drop of Milk thou Suck'st, shall breed an Age of Malice in thy Heart; A* Christian's *Name shall grate upon thy Soul, and thou shalt prove the Plague of their Profession; I'll breath my Spirit through thy tender Pores, and make thy hatred of them Everlasting; Down, down ye* Pagans, *to your Great Deliverer; Adore your Mighty Prince, and your Redeemer; See how the base dejected* Christians *shrink; see how they Tremble at his Awful Frown:* Albion *is once again Redeemed,* Aspasia, *and now my Crown sits firm and easie on my Head.* Thus in Vain Raptures would the Queen break out, and boast her Promises to be Prophetical; but soon, alas, she found her self deceived, and all her Glorious Promises vanish of a sudden *Anaximander,* and the Princess *Artemisia,* while *Licogenes,* and his

his *Pagan* Councellors, continued only to make some small Encroachments, and Breaches on the Laws of *Albion*, seemingly designing, for no more than a small Toleration of the *Pagan* Religion in *Albion*, kept themselves within all bounds of Modesty and Submission, to the King their Father; only in some small Remonstrances, they did Declare their Unwillingness to appear Parties in the Annulling, or Dispensing with those Laws, made purely for the Security of the *Christian* Religion, against the Practices and Contrivances of the *Pagans*; but when they plainly saw, their Own, and the Kingdoms Interest, resolved to be made a Sacrifice to the Ambition, and Covetousness of a small Party, that by the known Laws of the Land, were declared the irreconcileable Enemies of the *Christians*; they thought it then high time to look about them, and though they paid all the Reverence imaginable to the King, their Father; yet they could not resolve to yield their Rights and Inheritance, and hold precariously their Estates, at the Discretion of an *Anti-Christian* pack'd Counsel; besides, by several Remonstrances and Petitions from the Chief of the Nobility and Gentry, they had been solicited to take them into their Protection, and to endeavour a Redress of their Grievances, and heavy Oppressions. *Anaximander*, being a Prince of a Vast and Generous Spirit, was easily induc'd to condescend to their Relief; for, besides his proper Interest in the Crown of *Albion*, which by the common Principles of Nature, he was obliged to Maintain and Defend; he often would revolve on the Glory of the Action, and how Heroick and God-like it would shew, to appear the Great and Glorious Champion of the Christian Religion, which by a Secret League, between *Polydorus* King of the *Gauls*, and the King *Licogenes*, was resolved to be wholly Extirpated, and Routed out of *Europe*. Upon these Considerations, the Prince *Anaximander* immediately imparts his Desires and Resolutions

to the High and Mighty Lords and States of the *Low-Lands*, desireing their Lordships Advice and Assistance in a Matter of that Importance, to the Security of themselves, as well as all other *Christians*; which upon due Considerations, they with all Alacrity imaginable Grant: And now the Prince having a Gallant, though small Fleet, equipp'd with all the speed that could be, makes for the *West* of *Albion*, and with such prudent Secrecy were all things managed, that *Lycogenes* had not the least Intimation in the World of his Designs, till his Fleet was ready to Sail. *Messalina* had, that Night the fatal News arrived, assign'd Count *Davila* to meet her at St. *Jaques*, and the Marchioness *de Tomazo* in the Absence especially of *Aspasia* (who a while before was gone over to her Husband *Latroon*, Governour of *Iberia*) being her chief Confident, was order'd to attend. The Count, who had once or twice been Tardy in the Hour appointed, thought now by early Diligence to make amends, so that by Twilight he was gotten up into the Bed-Chamber, being a private Retirement for *Messalina*, during the King's Absence at any Time, or her Indisposition; where sitting down near the Bed, he waited with Impatience for the Queen; and in the mean time, was contemplating on the Happiness of his Enjoyments; by this time, Darkness had o'er-spread the Earth, and the Marchioness being to give the Orders for the Candles of that private Apartment, especially at that season, the Count found himself for some time very solitary, and without Light, and being about to make to the Door, he heard some stirring and breathing on the Bed, when drawing the Curtain softly, he could just perceive by her Cloaths, it was a Lady fast asleep; the Count was mightily amaz'd at first, but recollecting himself, he thought it doubtless was the Queen, who had retired thither before the Hour appointed, and had prevented even his Dilligence in coming; so without scruple, throwing himself on the Bed, he clasps

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the ſuppoſed *Meſſalina* in his Arms, and having in his firſt Tranſports run with his curious Hand o'er all the private Receſſes of her Charms, he was juſt preparing to attack the Fort, mingling with his Kiſſes, his ſhort Amorous Sighs, foretelling Tranſports, Extaſies and Dyings; when *Meſſalina* haſtily comes in with a ſmall Taper in her Hand, and calls: *Tomazo*, is not my Dear Count yet come, *Tomazo*? The Marchioneſs at the very Inſtant, whether the Amorous buſtling of the Count had operated on her waking Fancy, or whether by the Impreſſion of ſome pleaſing Dream, ſhe was thereto incited, Cryed paſſionately out, "Make haſte my Dear *Antonio*, "make haſte, the Marqueſs will be here and Ruine us. The Queen who had heard her ſpeak thoſe laſt Words, by this Time had opened the Curtain, and there diſcovered the Count, raiſed on his Knees between *Tomazo*'s Leggs, and in a poſture which plainly diſcovered the drift of his Intentions; never were Three Perſons (for by this Time the Marchiones had wak'd) ſo ſeverally aſtoniſhed and confounded; the Queen with Shame had ſhown her Face glowing Red, and then with Anger ſtraigt grown Pale; the Count, though in that awkward Poſture, was ſo much confounded, he could not move himſelf, nor had the Senſe to cover the Marchioneſs, or his own Nakedneſs; but between Wonder, Anger and Fear, was wholly bereft of even Senſe or Motion: The Marchioneſs, whoſe Age and Experience had rendered her familiar with the ſame or the like Adventures, was not ſo much Aſhamed of being ſeen in that Condition and Poſture, as Apprehenſive of the Queen's Reſentments, if, as was probable, ſhe ſhould ſuppoſe any Amour between her and the Count, her Lover, and whom ſhe had but that Night appointed, and deſign'd for her own Uſe and Service. In ſuch diſtracted Thoughts and Manner, did they for a great while ſtand and gaze, and wonder at one another, without one Word between them, till

at laſt the Queen, whether heightend in her Fancy, with the pleaſing ſight and intended Action of the *Count*, or upon due conſideration, believing and judging, by the Words ſhe had heard the *Marchioneſs* utter, that it was wholly a miſtake on all ſides, burſt out in Laughter, and turning her Face a little, told the Count in Drollery, the Weather began to be Cold, and therefore he would do well to take care and cover his Miſtreſs and himſelf. The *Count* with this ſhort reprimand was thoroughly wak'd out of his Trance, and ſlipping off the farther ſide of the Bed, was buſtling a long time to put himſelf in order, while the *Marchioneſs*, half diſtracted, riſes and pulls the Curtains cloſe about her; which the Queen ſeeing, She calls out to her: *What Tomazo! You are reſolved then to keep the* Count *to your Self this Night*; and making to the Bed, She threw the Curtains again open, and diſcovered *Tomazo* in a freſh Confuſion: By this time the *Count* had gathered a little more aſſurance, and coming from behind the Bed, he ſtrait threw himſelf at *Meſſalina*'s Feet, humbly ask'd her Pardon, and told her, he hop'd ſhe was not inſenſible of the fatal miſtake he had like to have fallen in; and conſequently, he doubted not of her favourable Interpretation; he was ſorry he had firſt appeared in ſo indecent a Poſture, and his continuance therein, She could not but believe the conſequence of his Aſtoniſhment. The Queen, who upon a juſt conſideration of the Circumſtances, was ſufficiently ſatisfied of his Innocence, was ſo far from being angry or diſturb'd, that after two or three fits of Laughter, She threw her delicious Arms about his Neck, and with Ten Thouſand Kiſſes Seal'd his Pardon: then turning to her dear *Tomazo*, She would Laugh, and ſay, Make haſt my Dear *Antonio*, make haſte; O Dear, my Husband comes! Alas, What ſhall we do? we are ruin'd Dear *Antonio*. Thus did She Droll on the poor *Marchioneſs*, 'till the *Count* put-

putting her in mind of the time of the Night, they were retiring to the Closet to Converse, when a Messenger from *Alba Regalis*, comes in haste, to give an account of an Express, *Lycogenes* had receiv'd from the *Belgian Lowlands*, giving an Account of the Preparations and Designs of the Prince *Anaximander*, to come and redress the Grievances of the poor *Christians* of *Albion*: the Queen (who was no otherwise read in the Politicks and Affairs of State, than as Father *Pedro*, the *Count*, or some other of her Priests upon particular occasions had Instructed her) was not at first so apprehensive of the Danger as the *Count*, who was so vehemently startled at the News, that without any more Complement than Bowing to the Queen, he descends and takes Coach for *Alba Regalis*; where he was no sooner Arrived, but he found the whole Court Alarm'd; and *Lycogenes* in Solemn Council was gone to Debate the Business: The next Day the News was confirmed by another Express, and then all was in an Uproar; *Lycogenes* in a great Fright comes to Council, tells them his apprehensions of *Anaximanders* Design, requires their best and speedy Advice, puts them in Mind of all the Breaches he had made in the Laws for their Sakes; and that now, without speedy Assistance, he was likely to be ruin'd, and the *Pagans* Hopes throughout *Albion* to be utterly lost. Such dreadful Words as these, and coming from a Prince that had been in every *Panegyrick* cry'd up and applauded for his Constancy of Mind, and Invincible Courage, did so amaze and terrifie his Counsellors, that they could not in a long time set their Hearts on any serious Consultation; some of them withdrew, then in again; presently others that had been absent, came Posting to understand and enquire into the Business; some would relate it as terrible as their Fears, and represent the numbers of the Princes Ships and Men double; here you should see a haughty Stiff-

necked Priest, come humbly fawning to a Christian Noble, as if confessing past Mis-carriages and Crimes, he wish'd for good Conditions: Some would be packing up their Goods and Treasure, their guilty boading Consciences fore-telling their fore'd Flight and Ruine: But *Pedro* and *Poliorchetes*, the Chancellour, who were sensible they were likely to share the sum and substance of all unhappy Revolutions, thought it now no longer time to dally, or spend the precious Minutes in useless idle Fears, but to apply the most healing Medicines, that the present bleeding Wound would bear; and accordingly perswade *Lycogenes* to re-call several Edicts, that by their Instigation and Council had been promulg'd against the Interest and Safety of his Christian Subjects: And Father *Pedro* calling a Convocation of his Inferiour Priests, makes them Dis-robe, and in disguise to mingle among the Christian Assemblies, in the *Forum*, *Burse*, Temples, and other publick Meeting-Places, and there with Confidence to utter false Reports, to lessen the Strength of *Anaximander*, to cry up the miseries of a Civil War, to Extol the Loyalty of the King's Christian Subjects, to make comparison between young *Perkin's* Expedition and this, and thence to conclude positively of the like success: The Court party also of Renegado Christian Divines, were ordered to Preach up the necessity of Obedience and Loyalty, to withstand the Prince in his Attempts, and to brand his Expedition with the horrible Title of *Invasion*. These, and many other Arts were used to take off the Edge of *Anaximander*'s Sword; sometimes they'd Brand His Royal Person with base and ignominious Names; other times they would think to terrifie the Rebels (as they would call all that should assist him) with the Exemplary Punishments, inflicted by the Chancellour *Polyorchetes*, in his bloody *Western Campaigne*: But all would not do, the Christians knew the

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Pagan Punick Faith, as well as Inhumane Cruelty, they ſaw their Laws, their Liberties, and Lives at Stake; and that now was the only time to aſſert and recover them; the *Pagan* Prieſts had often mock'd the King out of his moſt Solemn Promiſes, and *Meſſalina* had endeavoured to entail their Slavery upon them to all Poſterity. Nothing therefore could ſtagger their former Reſolutions, but like the Adder, they were Deaf to all their treacherous Charms, and falſe Inſinuations: Notwithſtanding, *Meſſalina*'s dauntleſs Pride could not 'till the Princes Landing ſtoop to the apprehenſion of any material Danger; ſhe'd often chalk out time and place to ſee the fond weak Prince brought bound to *Troynovant*; She'd Laugh and Jeer at his few puny Forces, and would in every Table Talk defeat his whole Battalions; ſometimes She'd call her Melancholy Lover, whoſe deeper apprehenſions, now had chang'd his uſual Mirth; ſometimes, I ſay, She'd call him to her, and reproach his needleſs Fears: *What?* would She ſay, *Can* Davila *ſuſpect or fear, when* Meſſalina's *Heart is free? Can thy ſo much applauded Courage ſtoop to what a poor weak Womans Soul can ſtand? Stand did I ſay? By all that's good, this Hand ſhall bow the Neck of that poor Spirited Prince, that weak preſumptuous Wretch, that dare Invade my Husbands lofty Crown: What my Dear* Davila, *canſt thou lament? Haſt thou a Diadem to looſe, a Throne to be pull'd down, Subjects and Slaves to be deſtroyed before thy Face? Theſe may create a Monarchs doubts and fears: What then ſhould thy Eyes ſwell with needleſs Tears? Remit, remit, alas, thy uſeleſs apprehenſions! I ſure am the Center of thy Thoughts: In me thy utmoſt Wiſhes are determined; while then I ſtand ſecure, What need'ſt thou fear? Chear up, chear up, my dear lov'd* Count; *let us not loſe our preſent happy Minutes, for vain weak doubts of future Cares and Sorrows.*

The *Count* both wondred and rejoyced at the great Heroick Heart of his beloved Royal Miſtreſs; and tho' he knew, and was perfectly ſenſible that her words were rather the effect of her dauntleſs Spirit, than of a ſolid Conſideration; yet he ſaw ſo much Love expreſs'd in her frequent concernment for him, that he could not but in common Gratitude and Honour, make her the ſame, or ſuitable returns; he therefore told her Majeſty, That his apprehenſion of being ſeparated from her, was without doubt, a ſenſible affliction to him; but above all he deplor'd his great unhappineſs, in not being able to afford more than his own perſonal aſſiſtance, to repell her own, and their great Prophet's Enemies; that he cordially wiſh'd the Prince *Anaximander*'s undertakings might prove as frivilous and ineffectual, as ſhe had declared them; that his great care of her Majeſty's Safety and Honour, was the only Foundation of his Fear; that he did indeed object the worſt to himſelf, but did not believe he had yet any reaſon to diſpair of the beſt; that he was ſenſible her ſuper-eminent Merit had render'd her Obnoxious to the Slanderous reproaches and envy of the Wicked Chriſtian *Albionites*; that the King her Husband's Zeal, in a good and pious Cauſe, had incurred the wicked Malice of his rebellious Subjects; and that if his Affairs (which Heaven forbid) ſhould happen to fail, it would be the total ruine and deſtruction of his Life and happineſs, to think ſhe ſhould fall into the Hands of her Enemies, or be leſſened in her Fortune or high Station; that therefore it was his humble and hearty requeſt, that ſhe would ſuffer himſelf, and ſome other ſelect Friends, to conſult and lay before her ſuch meaſures for the ſecurity of her Perſon and Honour, as ſhould appear to be moſt convenient; that providing againſt the worſt, would be no hindrance of her enjoyment of the beſt; but above all, that ſhe would give him her reſolution and firm

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promiſe to let himſelf accompany and wait on her in all, and every Misfortune that poſſibly could befal her. *Meſſalina* was raviſh'd with this ſo zealous and tender demonſtration of her Dear Counts Love, and in a loving tranſport catching his Hand and Arm, ſhe pull'd him to her on a Couch whereon ſhe ſate, where with unſpeakable Raptures ſhe would Circle her Snowy Arms and Hands, about his Neck and Waſt; Oh! how ſhe'd ſuck his Amorous ruddy Lipps and Cheeks, and with her Balmy melting Hand ſtroak, and preſs, and play with his Manly Neck, and Face, "Oh! could'ſt thou think "Dear Cruel Heart, ſaid ſhe, that e're my Panting Soul "could yield to part with thee, the Deareſt, bleſt Foun- "tain of it's joy; Fortune, indeed with rude or Imparti- "al hands may catch and graſp my Shaken, Tottering "Crown; but ſure my Heart and Will, are ſtill my "own; and being mine, who Dare Pretend to Stop, or "Claim what I reſolve to Share, to Give, to Keep for "only Thee. No, no, my Life, my *Davila*, continued ſhe: "If Fate or Curſt Inconſtant Fortune have decreed "my Seperation from this Ill-bred *Iſle*, Thou like my "better Genius ſhalt attend me, thou like my happy "Star ſhal't lead the Way: where e're we come we'll be "each others Heaven, and in thy Boſome will I place "my Land of Joy, and Reſt. With theſe laſt words they fell together on the Couch, and tir'd with buſie Love and Rapture, ſoon dropt into a gentle Slumber. Faithful *Tomaſo*, in the mean time was hovering about the Out-Guards to prevent ſurprize, and to divert the acceſs of any ſuſpitious Perſons: She had waited half an hour or little more, when comes a Meſſenger from King *Lycogenes* to *Meſſalina*, which brought account, the *Prince* was now at *Sea*, and with a numerous Fleet was making all the Sail he could for *Albion*: the *Marchioneſs* receives the Meſſage, and all in Tears repairs with open Mouth to the Queens Cloſet: the Queen waking abruptly at the

Noiſe ſhe made, ſtarts up, and with a ſudden Shriek alarm's the *Count*; *Anaximander* comes, Dread Soverajgn cries the *Marchioneſs*, he comes with Speed and Power and Swears to Unravel all? O Mighty Operations! the Count who had hardly yet recovered himſelf, was looking about when he had heard the *Marchioneſs* declare he was come, and putting himſelf on his Guard, ſwore he'd Defend his Royal Miſtreſs to the laſt; Oh! that his Single Fate, Cries *Meſalina*, were to be oppos'd to thine: Inſpir'd by Love and my auſpicious Prayers, how would'ſt thou cruſh his Puny Soul. Soon ſhould'ſt thou nip theſe daring Chriſtians hopes, and with one happy blow ſecure our *Pagan* Friends and Intereſt for ever. In the mean time *Lycogenes* in late and early Councels, was contriving how to ſtop this overflowing Current of the *Princes* deſigns; he had obſerv'd an unuſual blithneſs in all his *Chriſtian* Nobles Faces, and was ſenſible that the Prince *Anaximander* could not preſume to attack the *Albionites*, wirhout very good Incouragement from the Grandee's: however, with all his induſtry he was not able to learn out who were *Anaximanders* Abettors in this bold deſigne; Father *Pedro* and others of his *Anti-Chriſtian* Couucel were adviſing him to lay hold on, and ſecure all that he could but in the leaſt ſuſpect; but this being controverted was found too Violent, and more than the preſent Circumſtances of affairs could bear; others ſuggeſting the doubtful Loyalty of the great City of *Troynovant*, 'twas thought adviſable to ſecure the *Citadel*, in ſome Peculiar truſty hands, and thereby to ſcare that Populous and Powerful Place into a juſt Obedience: this was found good and Feazable, and ſtrait a new Commander is ordain'd, with ſecret orders how to manage things to the beſt advantage. In the mean time, the Prince *Anaximander*, ſteers away, and without any lett or hindrance, in a few days arrives ſafe at a convenient Haven, in the *Weſt* of *Albion*; and now the Thread of Poor *Lycogenes* his Fate be-

began to crack, now he could plainly ſee the errours of his Government, and when it was unhappily too late, might Curſe the baſe deſignes of his pernicious Counſellors: now was he forc'd to ſtoop that Glorious Lofty Heart, which dauntleſs heretofore had braved the mightieſt force of *Europe*. How was he chang'd, alas, from that brave Invincible *Lycogenes*, that did through Clouds of Smoake and Fire, Charge through the *Belgian* Fleet, and with freſh Lawrels Crown'd, return'd in Triumph to his joyfull Country: now every little *Weſtern* breeze that heretofore did ſerve to blow and kindle up his flaming Courage, like ſome cold Peſtilential air damps his Miſgiving Soul; now Poor, forſaken of himſelf he ſtands, Conſcience alone of Ills paſt done remains his tireſome gueſt: Attend ye curſed race of wicked *Jebuſites*, ſee the Prodigious effects of your Pernicious Councels, ye Cloggs to Crowns, and bane of Power.

Empires to Shake, and Monarchs *to Dethrone,*
Curſt Race of Loyala's *thy Work alone.*
Kings, *Crowns, and States o're thrown! no more? alas;*
Thoſe Records *fill not half thy Leaves of* Braſs.
What need thoſe ſtor'd up Coals (ſcarſe worth Heavens *while)*
For mighty Doomsday, *Nature's Funeral Pile:*
Let Thee but looſe for th' Univerſe *o're turning,*
Thy Single Brand *would ſet the* Globe *a Burning.*

The Prince *Anaximander* no ſooner appear'd with his Fleet, but the *Chriſtians* all about the Country flock'd to the Shore, and with loud ſhouts and all other demonſtrations of Joy, welcomed the arrival of their great Deliverer: and ſeveral with Boats ſtock'd with freſh Proviſion put off and diſpers'd them about the Fleet, for the refreſhment of the Seamen and Souldiers, and having provided before ſmall Bridges and other conveniencies for the Landing his Army, and his Carriages, he found

himſelf in a condition within three days to draw up and muſter his Men, who had by this time heartily recovered the Fatigue of their Voyage. *Lycogenes* in the mean time, though very much dejected, had taken care to Levy a Gallant Army, and it was one while thought a very doubtful thing, to which, to aſcribe the Victory. *Anaximander* had not brought with him above Fourteen Thouſand Horſe and Foot, but thoſe indeed Experienc'd *Veterane Bands*, very Compleatly Arm'd; beſides, *Lycogenes* before the Prince landed, had at leaſt Thirty Thouſand well appointed Souldiers, ſo that when he began thoroughly to compute his own ſtrength, and his Enemies weakneſs, he thought to take heart, and reſolv'd for the greater Incouragement of his Men to appear at the head of them himſelf, and withal ſpeed to give his Enemies Battle, and hinder their further Progreſs into the Country; but alas, while he was flatter'd and amus'd with the ſtrength and bravery of his own Army, *Anaximander* was muſtering and entertaining the Choice Young Men of all the *Weſtern* Country: for the People conſidering the Cauſe, and that their Liberties and Lives, were now their only laſt ſtake, they came flocking in ſo faſt to the Prince, that he had in eight days more Subſtantial choice Men than he could handſomely make uſe of; beſides, the Major part of *Lycogenes* his Army, being *Chriſtians*, they could not but be ſenſible that thoſe Swords that they ſhould draw againſt their Brethren in the *Weſt*, would at the long run be employ'd againſt their own Throats and Lives; and therefore, being already weary of ſubmitting their Free-Born Souls to the Bondage and Tyranny of their *Pagan* Officers, they aſſociate and take Council together how to free themſelves and their Country, by either, laying down their Arms, or going over to the Prince *Anaximander*, and now the fatal Period of *Lycogenes* his Reign drew near, for firſt whole Companies, Troops, and Regiments of his Army revolt from him, and then

then his Friends and Near Relations, touch'd with the ſence of deeper obligations due to their Country, their Religion and their God: Thus the Trump being turned, the *Pagans* quickly find their diſadvantage of the Game, and in Confuſion, like diſtracted Men fling up their Cards, and ſcamper to ſecure themſelves from payment. *Meſſalina* alſo to her Sorrow ſees what hitherto ſhe never would believe; now *Pedro* finds the fallacy of his concluſions, while *Polyorchetes*, *Sunderania*, and others of that wicked Grue curſe their unlucky Stars, and ſeek in every corner for ſome place of refuge: Poor *Lycogenes* flies in confuſion from his diſtant Foes, not able to endure even the report of their approach: He that like another *Xerxes* ſaw himſelf begirt even with a world of Guards, now flies bereft almoſt of neceſſary Attendance: He no ſooner arriv'd at his old Pallace of *Alba Regalis*, but in haſt he calls a Secret and Solemn Council of all his few remaining Friends, and after ſuch Debates as the time would afford and permit, they reſolve to ſend propoſals to the Prince, who like a Swelling Tide had now o're ſpread the Country; and the danger being grown beyond recovery, *Meſſalina*, at laſt thinks it high time to prepare for her retirement, and with all ſpeed provide for her Security: the Young Child alſo by the advice of the Council was to be nicely taken care of, being likely to prove a very good after Game. The Queen therefore immediatly ſends for the *Count* to a private Conference, who as greedily comes, in hopes to perſwade her to a ſpeedy Flight: Juſt as he approach'd the Cloſet Door, the Queen all in tears gets up, and not being able for a while to ſpeak, leans on his Neck, and after many growing Sobs and heavy Sighs, falls Fainting in his Arms: never was Lover in ſo ſad diſtreſs as was the *Count* at this unhappy accident; call out he dare not, for fear of any Suſpition or ill interpretation of his being with the Queen alone; to go and leave her Dying as he thought, his

Soul could ne're agree to; how to aſſiſt, what remedy to uſe, where to get any thing to apply he knew not: diſtracted thus he Tore himſelf, and Rav'd, and Curſt his misfortune, then would he kneel by the Couch whereon he had laid her, and kiſs, and ſigh, and Pray, and call, till at laſt the Queen coming to her ſelf open'd her dying Eyes, and caſting a Languiſhing look at her Dear *Count*, who was now in a bitter Agony of Sorrow, and hardly able to ſupport his oppreſſed Spirits, ſhe rais'd her ſelf a little on the Couch, and in a Sorrowful manner lifting up her Hands and Eyes, recounts a freſh the ſum of her Misfortunes: All, all, is loſt, Dear *Davila*, ſaid ſhe, my Hopes, my Peace, my Joy, my Glories, my All. And if I have ought left me worth the Thought of Life, it is, that I enjoy thy Love. That Coronet's my own, though my Crown's loſt. *Meſſalina* is now driven to the Fatal Period of her Grandure in *Albion*, a ſhock ſo diſmal, that the Agonies of ſuch a Fall; to ſuch Soaring Ambitition as *Meſalina*'s, are only to be conceived by thoſe that feel them. In her fit of Deſparation (for 'twas almoſt come to that) ſhe is Mrs. however of Reaſon enough ſtill to provide at leaſt againſt the Worſt of ſhames, and Laſt of Miſeries, her falling into her Enemies Hands, the *Chriſtians*, a Danger at that Time much threatned; the united Murmurs of *Albion* looking up to no other Fountain, and Original of the Woes and Calamities, of the Pittyed and Deplored *Lycogenes*, then the Hot Counſels, or rather Inchantments of *Meſſalina*, and her *Pagan* Abettors. And how heavy the weight of ſuch an *Inquiſition* would fall, even her Flatterers are but too ſenſible. Her Flight therefore, being now the laſt Plank ſhe has to lay hold off to ſcape ſinking, ſhe prepares a ſmall Diminitive Yatcht, and hires (command ſhe could not, ſo feeble is Soveraignty without Hearts) a handful of Select Seamen, all well bribed, and well ſwern, privately, to waft her ſafe to *Gothland*, the only Sanctuary. (Such

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Univerſal Enemies had her Politicks pull'd down) the World could yield her. Oh Zeal, Zeal, mad Zeal! what Humane Diſtreſſes, Miſeries, Ruines are Thine, and Thy only Creation?---Nay, is there ſcarce that one Conflagration, that ever ſet whole Nations in a Flame, that has not been lighted by a Cole from an Altar? Unfortunate *Meſſalina*, and deſervedly ſo, the late Royal Partner, to no leſs than *Neptune*'s Soveraign, the Oceans Lord, and the ſtill Terror of the World, had not Zeal, Infatuating, Deſtroying, Dethroning Zeal, blazed out; Poor miſguided, deluded, hard-fated *Lycogenes!* This very *Meſſalina*, of all thoſe Floating Caſtles, the late attending Pageants of her Triumph, all thoſe once Impregnable Famed Walls of *Albion*; left Miſtriſs of no more than a poor Cock-boat! Inſtead of glittering Flaggs, and flowing Streamers, uſhered by all the *Tritons* of the *Main*, and as She paſt, Saluted by all the Ecchoing Thunder from the Shoar; now to Steal away by Night, Skulk like a Fugitive, obſcured by Shades and Coverts! Yes, Deſtiny and Zeal have ſo Decreed it! For Sea therefore (ſuch her Equippment, and ſuch the haſtening Cauſe that call'd her) She prepares; and takes with her, her *Tomazo*, *Sunderania*, Count *Davila*, *Sebaſtian*, and *Pedro*, and ſome others of her Cabinet Friends; the laſt Three only being a little Transformed, by Diſguiſes of Buff, Scarlet and Feather, metamorphoſed into down-right Militants: For indeed her Eccleſiaſtick Confidents, eſpecially Father *Pedro*, were grown ſo notoriouſly Infamous, that they durſt not truſt themſelves in their own Shapes, even with Sworn Hirelings and Mercenaries; not Gold it ſelf being ſufficient to purchaſe Truſt or Safety. The Queen had but very little left, to ſave and carry with her, except her Jewels; for truly in ſpight of all that good Husbandry, that eminent and ſingular good Quality in *Lycogenes*; yet what with Standing Armies, and no Taxes (for he neither lov'd or pleas'd

Senates enough, for any new Donations from them) and from the continual daily Dreine, he received from those innumerable Spiritual Horse-leeches, that hung upon his Purse-strings, his Exchequer was but low. *Messalina*'s Jewels therefore, being all the Treasure she could save; those by Father *Pedro*'s particular Advice, were committed to the Charge and Custody of an *Italian* Priest, recommended to her by him, as a Heavenly minded man, a Recluse from the World, and who as a Person under a Vow of Poverty, of a Character and Profession above any Temptation, was the only man she could best repose that Trust in. Thus Embarqued, with their best Sails to their small Frigat; with a Fair Wind, and Prosperous Gale, they arrive at *Gothland*: for indeed the just Ordaining Powers, that had punisht her with the loss of a Crown, after so heavy a Wreck at Land, thought fit to bound their Indignation there.

From her Arrival in *Gothland*, the Scene begins a little to Change: For the *Pagans* there, with no small Homage and Adoration, resound her Welcome. The Entertainment she received, as peculiarly influenc'd by the Commands of *Polydorus*, was every where Splendid and Magnificent: I dare not call it his Bounty, or Generosity. For truly, all the utmost Services, Respect, Obligations, Protections, or Assistance; and indeed, all, and more then *Polydorus* has, or can do for *Lycogenes*, or *Messalina*, so near a part of him; are but poor and faint Returns, to compensate those Miseries and Sufferings, in which his own private Leagues and Cabals, and the too prevailing *Gallick* Councels and Measures in *Albion*, have involved the ruined *Lycogenes*. With a Noble Train of Persons of the Highest Quality, and a Band of Guards, a truly Royal Retinue, is *Messalina* Conducted to the *Gothick* Court; whilst *Polydorus* himself, with that solemn State and Grandeur, comes to meet her, and Congra-

Congratulate her Arrival; paying her all that Humble and Profound Reſpect, and Awful Attendance, as if ſhe came not from Quitting, but to the Poſſeſſing of a Diadem: So Pompous was her Entry, that ſcarce an Antique Roman Triumph could exceed it. And indeed ſhe came to Triumph, the very firſt Sally of her Eye, bringing her back no leſs a Trophy, than the Heart of *Polydorus*. To give her her Right, even without Flattery; never was Conqueſt ſo Expeditious: No ſooner was the very Lightning ſeen, but the Bolt had Executed. So Dazling were her Charms, to the ſurpriſed *Polydorus*, that he truly dated his intire Vaſſallage, from the firſt Moment he ſaw her. His once Adored Dear Veſtal Divinity, or his Haughtier *Montezania*'s Charms, were nothing to the Influence of *Meſſalina*: ſo unaccountable is the Archery of the Blind God: For *Meſſalina* had been no Stranger to *Polydorus*: when before her Marriage with *Lycogenes*, in her Travel from her own *Italick* Dutchy, to the Kingdom of *Albion*, ſhe took the Court of *Polydorus* in her way; yet, then her Beauties, though in their Younger Bloom, could be beheld without half the preſent Fatality. For, whether his then Regnant Veſtal Mrs. had ſo fill'd his Soul, as had left no Room for any other Gueſt, or for what Reaſon elſe; a common Veneration was all the Offering he made her then; when Sighing, Deſiring, Languiſhing, Dying, whole Hecatombs are all too little Sacrifices now. In fine, ſo Capricious an Aſcendant had his preſent Governing Planets, that that very *Polydorus* fated for the Dethroning of the Unfortunate *Lycogenes*; the ſame *Matchivilian* Part, before Practiſed againſt his Crown, muſt now be Acted againſt his Bed. For from this Hour, Friendſhip, Honour, Hoſpitality, (Obligations not the firſt time diſpenſed withal by *Polydorus*) and all other ties quite cancell'd; the Poſſeſſion of *Meſſalina*, though at the price of a Kingdom, is his whole and ſole Ambition. For *Meſſalina* he Burns, and were her

Virtue a Rock of Ice, (which for ought he knows it may be); for though indeed he was no Stranger to all other her Intrigues and Affairs, however in her Curtain *Arcana*, her Amours, he was no Cabinet Counſellour) he reſolves to melt it down; and that ſo far from a ſcruple at the Undertaking, that he ſhould account it not only the ſweeteſt, but the moſt glorious of all his Atchievements. For ſetting all other Conſiderations apart, what *Polydorus* once but will'd, he could not will unjuſtly; his Ambition was Commiſſion'd of his Conſcience's High Chancellour, whilſt to Deſire was to Determine; and whatever but once Determined, took the immediate Stamp of Right and Equity to paſs it into an irrevocable Decretal; inſomuch, that the very Dethroning of a God, if once thought practicable, to deſire it was enough to render it juſtifiable.

As there wanted no Magnificence in all her Entertainment from her firſt Landing, even before the Captivity of the enamour'd *Polydorus*, you may imagine no exceſſes of the higheſt ſtudied Gallantry were omitted now. The Adored *Meſſalina* is Lodged in a Pallace ſo Glorious, as might have fitted the Reception of a ſecond *Cleopatra* in all her Pride; and which her *Anthony*, the then Competitor for Univerſal Empire, and in all that Love that loſt him the World for her, could not have furniſh'd out more rich and Splendid: Nor did the Brightneſs and Richneſs of her Pallace conſiſt only in the outſide Wealth and Beauty of her Shining Beds, Embroidered Canopys, the richeſt of Tapiſtries, Cabinets, Scruitores, *&c.* The unſeen Treaſures, outvy'd the glittering Frontiſpiece: In this Drawer of a Cabinet Fourty, 'tother Fifty, a Third a Hundred Thouſand Pieces of Gold; a Fourth, Lockets of Diamonds, a Fifth, Ropes of Pearl, *&c.* And all too mean a Tribute to his Soveraign *Meſſalina*. And truly

ly now we talk of Pearl and Diamonds, her own Cargo of Jewels, committed to the true and truſty *Italian* Prieſt aforeſa'd, were under Suſpition of miſcarriage; both the Treaſure and the Treaſurer being at preſent Inviſible: We dare not ſurmize ſo unkindly, that Avarice, or filthy Worldly Lucre, could prevail upon ſo Sanctify'd a Recluſe from the World, under a particular Vow of Poverty; and above all, thought worthy (as we told you) of the peculiar recommendations of Father *Pedro*, could make *Him* tardy in ſuch a Caſe. But whether, on the more charitable ſide, by ſome impulſe of Religion he reſerv'd them for Holy & Pious Uſes; as to preſent them to the Shrine of the *Lorrettian* Diana, to implore from her Cœleſtial Benediction, her *Albion Majeſties* Conception of a Duke of *Eborac*, to her Prince of *Cambria*; or for any other like Dedication to Holy Mother Church, ſo it is, that he was no ſooner gotten on Shoar, but modeſt good Man, he withdrew, and was never ſeen after it. And notwithſtanding *Polydorus* publiſh'd an Edict, promiſing a very ample Reward to that Perſon that ſhould find him, and recall the Wanderer: Either his Divine Contemplations, and ſublimer Meditations, had rapt him above the liſtening to humane and mundane Proclamations; or elſe his Devout Pilgrimage had carryed him beyond the hearing of them, ſo that his Recallment is utterly Deſpaired of; inſomuch, that unleſs her *Albion Majeſty* be content to take out their Price in *Dirges* for her Soul, 'tis thought for any other Reſtitution or Payment, ſhe now hopes but little. *Polydorus* now begins his approach to *Meſſalina*, reſolving an immediate vigorous Siege, with all the Forces he can bring to lye down before her: His dayly Viſits, Obſervance, and conſtant Attendance, which at firſt carried onely the Face of common Gallantry,

and look'd upon by all Eyes as no other than the Generous Treatment of a Royal Hoſpitality to Greatneſs in Diſtreſs, and under his Protection; are now both by his Looks, Behaviour, and Addreſs, ſo Induſtriouſly managed, that *Meſſalina* (unleſs ſhe wanted Eyes) muſt find that in the Aſſiduous *Polydorus*, there was ſomething more then a kind Hoſt, *viz.* an Adoring Slave.

The Queen now fully ſatisfied how great a Vaſſal her Eyes had won her, begins to conſider the Wiſe Management of ſo Important a Conqueſt. *Polydorus's* Addreſs and Perſonage, even abſtracted from his Imperial Character, and the Luſter of a Crown, were ſuch as always ſtood fair in the Female Eyes, and render'd his Heart no diſ-acceptable Preſent to the very Proudeſt and moſt Diſdainful Beauty. And our *Meſſalina* who was neither the Coyeſt, or moſt In-ſenſible of her Sex, already felt a Commiſeration about her, that told her the Sighs of ſo Royal a Languiſher muſt not go unpittied. Time, Aſſiduity, and Application, ſhe plainly foreſaw, would at laſt inevitably prevail; and therefore fancying it no leſs then the Abſolute Ordainment of her Fate, ſhe has no farther Thought then an entire Reſignation to Immutable Decree. However, though the Stake muſt at laſt be loſt, yet the Playing her Game out Politickly, and managing her Cards to her beſt Advantage, are in her own Choice and Power. Yes, that, and that onely takes up all the buſineſs of her waking, and indeed ſleeping Thoughts. The Terms and Conditions of a Surrender; What Parly and Capitulations firſt; what Reſolution and Obſtinacy (for the Victory muſt not be Cheap) ſhe muſt hold out with, before the White Flag is at laſt to be hung out. Her Meditations on this ſubject had one Evening led her alone from all Com-

Company into an Inner and Private Walk of the Garden; When *Polydorus*, whose unresting Soul had led his Body abroad too with much the same Contemplations, fortunately meets her. This opportunity as it gave him the Blessing of a more Private Interview, then before he had met, so it inspired him with the Courage of making a more ample and particular Declaration of his Love, then all his hitherto fainter and distant Addresses had made. Accordingly throwing himself at her Feet, in the Tendereſt and moſt Paſſionate Expreſſions (the never wanted Eloquence of Love) he told her how intirely the Soul of *Polydorus* was subjected to the Eyes of *Meſſalina*: Nor did he more heighten the Progreſs of her Victories, & Power of her Charms, then the Fatality of them; that without a Return of Pity his Death was Inevitable, whilſt his Peace, Happineſs and Life were abſolutely in her Hands. The Queen, whoſe part was now to Play, with a ſeeming Amazement, rather than a liſtening Attention, gave him the Liberty of finiſhing his whole Declaration; when as Wakeing from a Frightful Dream, or Starting from a diſturbing Viſion, *Good Gods*, ſhe cry'd, *are not your Quivers Empty yet? Have ye more Shafts reſerved ſtill for the unfortunate* Meſſalina? *Is it not enough that your Perſecuting Powers have Raviſht an Empire from me, and Driven me out an Exile, a Wanderer of the World; but I muſt yet fall lower; low as the moſt abject of my Sex, when my Chaſt Ears muſt be Profaned with the Rude Sounds of Lawleſs Love; Oh!* Polydorus, *Cruel* Polydorus, *has Miſery and Ruine made the fallen* Meſſalina *ſo little, ſo deſpicably little* ——*No, Glorious Madam*, (Paſſionately reply'd *Polydorus*) *ſo Great, ſo Divinely Great, that the Gods have ſingled you out to Weild their Thunder, whilſt*

there's not one Bolt of Heaven that Strikes with Fate but Meſſalina's. *Oh! Madam, if ever Compaſſion, Mercy, Charity, Enter'd the faireſt Temple that ever Lodg'd a God, have Pity on the Adoring, Kneeling, Dying* Polydorus. *My Life,* —— *alas, my very Soul depends upon no other Doom but* Meſſalina's; *for if the Deaf, the Cruel, the Inexorable* Meſſalina *muſt not, cannot, will not Pity me, to Die is but half the Tribute my Deſpair muſt pay her: The Tranſports of a Paſſion like mine are ſuch, that when I loſe all Hopes of one kind Smile from* Meſſalina, *ſhe leaves me abandoned to that Wild Torrent of unbounded Horrours, that leſs then the Abjuring of Humanity, the Execrating of Providence, and Curſing the very Authour of my Being, will be the fatal Conſequences of my irreſiſtible Deſperation; a Deſperation ſo hideous, that when I fall a Victim to her Scorn, will ſhut me out at once from Earth and Heaven.* Meſſalina, not at all Diſpleaſed at ſo Paſſionate a Declaration, however to continue the Maſque of a moſt Rigid and Obdurate Virtue, Reprimands him with all the Severeſt Reſentments imaginable, deſires him, nay, Conjures him for ever to Ceaſe a Suit ſo Fruitleſs, and a Thought ſo Impious, a Language that her unblemiſht never ſhaken Virtue can ſo little hear, that rather then live within the Air of ſo much Guilt, her wounded Innocence muſt be forced to Fly a Cruel Court, and ſeek a Refuge in ſome kinder and more Hoſpitable Deſart. *Ah! Madam,* reply'd *Polydorus, Then you have Decreed Mankind muſt be undone! Shall Empires, Nations, People, have Peace, when I have none! No Madam, 'tis reſolv'd that* Meſſalina *Hate, Scorn, Loath the Unworthy* Polydorus. *Yes, his Deſtruction, his Irrevocable Deſtruction's Sealed; and by the Malice of my Stars, the World ſhall Groan*

as

as I do. He was once more falling at her Feet, when a Princely Train of the Nobleſt Quality of the *Gothland* Court appearing in the Garden, interrupted him. He had ſcarce recovered Reaſon enough to ſuppreſs the too viſible concern and diſorder, that appeared in his Eyes, much leſs the Load that lay at his Heart, when one of his Generals Advancing from the reſt of the Noble Company, threw himſelf at his Feet, telling him, *He was immediately in Obedience to his Royal Commands, ſetting forward to the General Randezvous on the Banks of the Rhine, and came in Duty to Receive his farther Commiſſion and Orders. Commiſſion and Orders!* Anſwered *Polydorus*; *Why, Burn, Ravage, Ruine, Deſtroy; make Nations w ſte, and Kingdoms Deſolate; ſpare neither Age nor Sex; but above all, where e'er thou meetſt that loath'd deteſted Thing, that calls it ſelf a* Chriſtian, *double thy Fury there, Baniſh all thoughts of Pity or Remorſe; be Bloody and be Canonized: Remember the Chriſtian Pride is ſwell'd to Ulceration; and 'tis the Glory of our Sword to Lance it. And if thou meeteſt a Temple, lay the Accurſed Conſecrated Roof in Aſhes; the God that fills it is my Enemy; and 'tis but Juſt my Vengeance Battail Heavens. If thou mak'ſt Treaties or Capitulations, my Orders are, you break 'em all. Betray and Conquer. Heav'n ne'er kept Faith with me, and 'tis but Reaſon, we the Vicegerents of the Gods ſhould Copy their own everlaſting Falſehood, and Reign Immortal Infidels like themſelves. You have my Orders; to your Poſt; Obey and Proſper.* The General, upon the Kings Command, makes his Humble Obeyſance to the King, and Retreats, Ruminating with ſome little Surprize on the ſeverity of his preſent rough Commiſſion;

which however, on what unknown occasion that had transported him into such Vehemence and Bitterness in the expressing himself, he nevertheless knew to be the true and constant Sense of that Great Monarch; and all his former Orders, though perhaps something gentler and softer worded, carried in reality the same Contents and Mandats; and accordingly in all Duty prepares to Execute.

But to return to our *Polydorus*, whose Tormenting Reflections on the Cruelty of *Messalina* had, withdrawn him from all Company to his Closet; In all the Agonies of defeated Love, he could not yet intirely yield to Despair: Were her Virtue a Rock of Adamant: Nay, were she possibly as Deaf, as Pitiless, and Remorseless to all his Bleeding Sighs, as himself to a Dying Christians last Prayer, he will not quit the Siege yet. Accordingly not a day, nor scarce an hour passes that he does not Visit, Court, Sue, Plead, and spight of all Denials, all her [illegible] of Virtue and Chastity, that Mountain Honour shall not block his way. Sometimes he Woes her with the Promis'd Restauration of her *Albion*, the Re-instating her in all her former Grandeur; and if the Crown of *Albion* will not purchase a Smile, he'll throw his own in, to make up the Sum. In short, No Gallantry, Address; no Protestations, Vows or Oaths, though ne'er so Extravagant, are wanting to pursue the Coy Disdainful *Messalina*: till one Morning in her Walk in the same Garden, his successful Rhetorick prevails; or rather *Messalina* thinks she has now held out long enough to yield with Honour: For after his Repeated Protestations of the Crowns and Scepters he would lay at her Feet, and the Vassal World he would make her Mistress of; He told her, *If Messalina would but Condescend to Crown his Love, he would pay his Acknow-*

Acknowledgment of so Divine a Blessing, with no less a Sacrifice then a hundred thousand Christian Lives. A hundred thousand Christian Lives! my Generous *Polydorus*, replyed *Messalina. Such Merit, such Transcendent Merit! An Offering of that price enough to Court a Saint, and Win a Goddess.* Such Eloquence is irresistable; nay, the name of such a Sacrifice so pleased her, that had the strongest Bonds of *Conscience* held her, that single Thought had burst the Feeble Manacle; and the offering of so much Heretick streaming Blood, were such an Atonement, as would not only expiate but consecrate the very Sin it self. So pleased and so conquer'd, she generously tells the Ravish'd *Polydorus*, *That she will expect him at Vesper-time, when she will send all her Retinue to the Mosque to their Devotion, and Attend his Company in her Closet.*

Polydorus being now Arrived at the Haven, just upon entring to the Inland of Paradice; the Hour, the Place, the Means and Opportunity all assigned for the Consummating of his Happiness; and what heightned the Charm, his Divine *Messalina* her self the generous Designer of the whole Scene of Felicity; the Plot, the Introduction and Conduct to this more then happy Meeting, so much her own, that possibly, our Amorous Monarch could not conceive more Rapture at the Queens Concession of her Highest Favours themselves, then at the Endearing management of the blest Minute to bestow them; even the Portal to Happiness being oftentimes with Lovers no less Ravishing, then the very Temple of Bliss, to which it leads.——In short, All things contributing to make him the Happiest Prince in the World; whether a Soul, so unbounded, as that of *Polydorus*, whom the Empire of the Universe ('tis very well known) would

hardly ſatisfy, had the Tranſports of his Paſſion, as exalted as thoſe of his Ambition; and was thereby elevated above the Common Height of an ordinary Lovers Extaſy; let it ſuffice, his Joy, his unexpreſſible Joy was ſuch, as burnt in his Face, and glowed in his very Eyes; and the expected Enjoyment of *Meſſalina* was at that Moment a Trophy above all the Conqueſts that either his Sword, or his more Victorious GOLD ever won him. But to leave our Royal Lover to all his Furious Longings, Impatient Expectings, and Reſtleſs Burnings, thoſe Amorous crowding Attendants, that always make the Leading Cavalcade to the Coronation of Love: My Reader muſt be intreated to interrupt his Expectation of the ſucceſs of this Grand Scene of our two Imperial Inamorato's, by the interpoſing of a little Comical Intrigue of *Lactilla*, the *Cambrian* Princes Nurſe; which, whether by a Frolick of Fortune, for ſome particular Diverſion of that Fickle Deity, or by meer common chance, it matters not; caſually intermixing it ſelf in this Sublimer Amour, muſt make up a part of our Hiſtory.

It is not unknown to the World what Artful Tenderneſs our *Meſſalina* has all along expreſt for that dear Infant. But indeed, 'twas the ſubtleſt part ſhe had to Play, and therefore it muſt be Acted to the Life. In the late Storm that drove her from the left Kingdom of *Albion*, and caſt her on the *Gallick* Shore, however that darling Infant, with all the Tendereſt Care, was preſerved from the Univerſal Shipwrack, and not only the honeſt Bric-kill Nurſe that Suckled it, was carried over with the Queen, and her *Cambrian* Nurſery; but alſo the very Warming-pan Midwife too, croſt the Hering-pond with her Royal Miſtreſs; and as ſome think very timely and prudently, for fear

fear of that Inquisition from the Grandees of *Albion*, had she ventured to have stayed behind, that possibly might have put her to that Test her Circumstances would not well bear; though truly for a fairer Face to the World, 'twas industriously given out, That Her Majesty was with Child again, and therefore the Midwifes Attendance being Her Majesty's Special Command, 'twas her Duty to wait on Her Royal Mistress, to what part of the World soever her Mistortunes should carry her; Her late Able performance in Delivering the Queen of her *Cambrian* Heir, having recommended and call'd her (as she pretended) to the Queens particular Choice for her Skilful hand at her next Lying-In.

But to return to our Nurse, and her Intrigue we promised you; Amongst the publick and solemn Addresses and Veneration made and paid by the Nobility of the Gauls to the Fair Queen of *Albion*, a great part of the Dayly Devotion, you may well guess, was offered to that young Prince. For if such Sublime Blood, as was thought to run in that little *Heroes* Veins, exalted him at scarce three Days old to the solemn Reception of Foreign Embassidours, and giving Audience to publick Ministers, and that too in the Heretick Land of *Albion*; You may easily think that the great *Gallican* Votaries, those *Pagan* Wise men of the *West*, (pardon the *Allusion*) brought him no common Oblation of Myrrh, Frankincense, &c. But of the Princely Crowd of Devotes, that amongst their Orisons to *Messalina*, made their Homages to this Imperial Babe; it happened that a young *Gallick* Lord, Named *Laforse*, a Man of a Noble Personage, making no little Figure in *Polydorus* Court, but above all a mighty Adorer of the Female Sex; and like the natural Constitution of the *Gauls*, a ge-

neral Admirer of every new Face, without any great Sin of Constancy to answer for: This *Laforse* paying his Devoire to the *Cambrian* Prince, entertained a strong Inclination to his Nurse. What he saw in her more then a good wholesome Complexion, and a plain-spun Cleanly Woman, we can't imagine; but take her altogether, as the maggot bit with him, nothing would satisfy him but an Amour with *Lactilla*. Her downright Country Innocence even to Clownishness and Rusticity, had something in it, that at this time Captivated him more then all the Allurements of Wit, Humour, Gayety, High Blood, and Higher Pride. None of all the Court Stars, in all their Glory, at present took up so much of his Thoughts as Madam Nurse. *Lactilla* he fancies for a Miss, and *Lactilla*'s Affection he must Vanquish if he can. Accordingly our Lordly Lover under pretence of making Court to the *Cambrian* Prince, takes the dayly opportunity of Addressing a Kind Look, and Kinder Complement to *Lactilla*; which he carefully prosecutes with that particular Assiduity and Application, as would best suite the Humour and Breeding of such a Mistress. The poor Nurse whether dazled with the Presence, the Looks and Garb of so Glorious a Servant; or confounded with so fine Words from so fine a Person, began at last not only to listen, but to be pleased and tickled with so Gallant a Suitor. It is not worth our while to recount the several Courtship Scenes between them; to draw therefore to the Consummating part of the Amour, it fell out so, that what through the Importunities of the Assayling Monseigneur, together with poor *Lactilla*'s being several Months tyed up from all Recreations of that kind, (a shackle for some Physical Reasons always laid upon Milch Nurses to Heirs of Quality;) which possibly might

might heighten her Longing for what she had so long been kept Fasting from, and so facilitate his Conquest upon her; however so 'twas, that the Creature came to yield at last. And by an odd Caprice of Fortune, it happened that *Lactilla* was brought to the delivering up of her Fort, the very same day her Royal Mistress had Capitulated and Sign'd the Surrender of hers. For the Fortunate Lover for his last Effort, lighting of a lucky Hour, when the Queen and all her Attendants, for the curiosity of seeing ten new Rais'd Regiments of Light-Horse pass under her Palace Window, in their March towards the *Rhine*, were withdrawn into the Balcone of an outer Room, had the satisfaction of finding his Dear *Lactilla* with her little Nursery all alone. To improve therefore so kind a Minute to the best advantage, throwing his Arms about her Neck, and Assaulting her Lips (for those outworks he had long since won) with a whole Volley of Kisses; at last he cryed, *Oh my Dear, dear Sweet Rogue, are these empty Embraces, these half-Joys all I must expect? When, Dear* Lactilla, *Oh when, will that Blest, happy, Ravishing Minute come?* Poor *Lactilla* Interrupting him, Replyed, *Nay, fye my Lord; a Man of your great Quality throw away your Thoughts upon so poor a Creature as I am; If you would talk like your self, methinks you Lordfolks should make your fine Speeches to none but Kings and Queens; if you have a mind then to show your great Breeding, you would do well to make your High Compliments to that little pretty young King in the Cradle there.* No my Dear *Lactilla*, Replyed *Laforse, I have other better work to do at this time; 'tis time enough to make fine Speeches to that little young King, as you call him, 20 years hence.* Twenty years, quotha, [Answers *Lactilla*] By my troth, my Lord, *no lon-*

ger ago then we were laſt in Albion, *as young as he is, and as many years as he wants, we have had Your outlandiſh great Lords and Baſſadours have made many a Scholarly Speech, and a great many fine Compliments to him too; But above all, I ſhall never forget the Baſſadour of* Catalonia: *that great tall Man, with a rueful dun Face, and a ſwinging pair of black Whiskers, no ſooner came to receive Audience of my little Maſter here, but the poor Baby fell a Roaring at him, and would not endure the ſight of him. On my Conſcience, my Lord, the poor Lamb was as much frighted, as ever his Father was at* S——Bury; *and upon my Womanhood I believe it, had it been able, would have run away as faſt too: I vow and ſwear my Lord, 'twas ſo terribly ſcared at him, that I profeſs I could ſcarce get it ſweet again in an hour after.* The Lord could not forbear Smiling at this Innocent Relation; which downright Language of *Lætilia's*, as a Novel Charm to him, was one of the greateſt Whets to his Inclination for her. But as Talking was not his preſent buſineſs, he puſht on the matter a little more Vigorouſly, and told her a meeting ſhe muſt and ſhould give him, that ſhould more compleatly Bleſs him, then all the fainter Favours ſhe had already beſtowed upon him. The poor Nurſe, after a great many other urging, and at laſt prevailing Arguments, could reſiſt no longer; and truly at laſt told him, *That if he had any thing more to ſay to her, the only time ſhe had to give him the hearing with Convenience, was at Veſper time; for,* ſays ſhe, *the Queen and her Attendants are all then ſo devout, (though truly I know not how it comes about that they are ſo over and above Religious here, then they uſed to be in* Albion, *unleſs Misfortune and Miſeries make Folk Pious) that they never miſs Prayers; and be-*

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cauſe I, and only I am one of thoſe Paw Things they call Hereticks, my little Maſter, and my ſelf, excepting ſome Guards in the outer Rooms, are always left alone; and if your Lordſhips Intentions are Honeſt and Virtuous (as I truſt in Heaven, they are,) if you have any thing more to talk to me, you may come then and welcome. The Happy Monſeigneur at this generous and cunning Aſſignation, made by his kind *Lactilla*, (for there never wants Womans Wit even in Simplicity it ſelf on ſuch an occaſion) felt a Delight Anſwerable to the ſatisfaction ſo acceptable a Minute would give him, and reſolving to Return at the appointed Hour with that deſired Honeſty and Virtue as ſhould be beſt agreeable to her, leaves his farewel in a Kiſs, and Whiſpers in her Ear, that ſhe ſhould find him a Man of Honour; and ſo Retires, and falls in with the Ladies in the Balcone. The poor Nurſe waiting for the Veſpers, (which indeed was the firſt time that ever ſhe had a kindneſs for the Pagan Worſhip before) found her Expectation a little baulkt, when the Queen pretending Indiſpoſition refuſed to go to Prayers; at which the Ladies likewiſe in Complaiſance to her Majeſty reſolved not to go neither, but ſtay and pay their Attendance to the Queen; which the Queen abſolutely forbid, Commanding them all to go to Prayers, and leave her onely to her Nurſe till their Return. The Ladies accordingly Retiring; at their Departure, the Queen inſtead of Staying in the Bed-Chamber with the Child and Nurſe, bid *Lactilla* have a Care of the Prince, for ſhe had occaſions to Retire into her Cloſet, where ſhe would not be diſturb'd. This gave *Lactilla* ſome little hopes again; for the Cloſet being on the farther ſide of a large Room of State lying beyond the Bed-Chamber, ſhe fancied

her dear Lord might gain Acceſs without any Baulk, at that Diſtance and Retirement, from any thing of the Queens Interruption of them. No ſooner was the Queen got into the Cloſet, but *Count Davilah*, having received a Packet from *Albion* juſt at the Chappel Door, defers his Devotion and finding matter of Importance in it, together with an incloſed Packet for *Meſſalina*, with Commands of a Delivery at ſight, and with Orders of Immediate Communication with the Queen, about Affairs that required a ſpeedy Reſult; the *Count* in purſuance of his Orders received, haſtes inſtantly to the Queen, and delivering her her Packet, together with the Inſtructions contain'd in his own, requeſts her ſpeedy Conference. The Queen was much ſurprized at his Approach, and in no ſmall *Dilemma*, for if ſhe diſmiſt him without Reading her Packet, and Conferring with him as deſired by the King her Husband, ſhe ſhould be Guilty of a Fault highly againſt the Character of that Reſpect and Duty ſhe ever paid him, and which in his preſent Circumſtances would be an unpardonable neglect; and if on the other ſide ſhe ſtay'd in her Cloſet or Chamber to Read her Letters, and Debate their Contents, ſhe was Jealous that the appointed Viſit of *Polydorus* at ſo unſeaſonable an Hour as the Queens known Retirement, would give matter of Suſpicion to the *Count*; and which beſides her unwillingneſs to diſguſt a Perſon whom ſhe was not yet prepared to diſoblige and quite break with, might thereby raiſe ſome Blemiſh upon her Reputation. Between theſe two Conſiderations with a ſuddain Preſence of Mind, ſhe thought of this Expedient, which was to Invite the *Count* down into the Garden, and there Diſpatch the Conference: whereupon ſhe deſired him to Walk down with her; and as ſhe paſt by the Bed Chamber, ſhe

ſhe told the Nurſe whither and with whom ſhe was going, and bid her expect her Return immediately. By this Projection ſhe thought *Polydorus* coming in her abſence according to appointment, and not finding her within, would undoubtedly ask the Nurſe for her, and thereby informed, be Invited to ſtay, and Attend her Return.

At the Queens Departure it was juſt drawing towards the Evening, being a little paſt Sun-ſet: And *Lucilla* extraordinarily pleaſed to think ſhe ſhould have the whole Lodgings free, and by that means, if her Lord kept Touch, enjoy all the Privacy and Freedom her Heart could wiſh; being truly in her Nature a little more fearful, and ſomething baſhfuller in an Amourous Tranſgreſſion, then the Fairer Court Sinners generally more harden'd, and more Couragious at a Love Adventure, had already drawn all the very Window Curtains of the Bed-Chamber cloſe, to be as much Retired as poſſibly ſhe could. —— Juſt as the Queen was got down the Back Stairs, Enters the King by the other Stairs, and immediately with all the haſte of an Invited Lover makes to the Cloſet; but finding the Queen not there, and imagining ſhe might be in the Bed-Chamber Trips as Nimbly thither. The Nurſe hearing ſome body Walk croſs the Room of State, with that eager pace that ſpoke him a Lover, as ſhe thought by his Tread; and not doubting any other, but that her Dear Lord was come; in a kind of a Panick Fear, ſitting Perdue upon the Bed behind the Curtains, and almoſt Trembling to conſider what ſhe was going to do, not daring as ſhe thought to Expoſe her Bluſhes to the Light, (being the firſt time of her offending in that kind) out of pure Modeſty puts out the Candle. The King juſt upon his Entrance into the Bed-Chamber, fancying nothing elſe

but Love cou'd put out the Light, that it's own might blaze the bolder, and conſequently the Golden Minute was now his own, makes his Inſtant Approach to the Bed, and Graſping in his Arms his yeilding though miſtaken Sacrifice, and breaking out into a Rapture of —— *My Life*, *my Soul*, *my Heaven*, *my Eternity*, with Two or Three more ſuch Pious and high flown Ejaculations, the uſual Devotion of Lovers, (thoſe few ſhort Preliminaries (to ſay Truth) being as much as the little Patience of much Love cou'd diſpenſe with) without ſtaying for one Syllable of Reply from his Twining Miſtreſs, for indeed her Elevated Thoughts were too full for her Tongue to get Vent; beſides ſhe had her Mouth ſo ſweetly ſtopt, that ſhe wanted Power as well as Leiſure for talking; *Polydorus* without farther Ceremony immediately Ruſhes into her Boſom, Launches into a Torrent of Bliſs, and Riots and Revels in unutterable Delight; for *Meſſalina*, his Angel *Meſſalina*, fill'd both his Arms and his Soul; ſo Potent is Imagination, that Deity-like, what ſhe Enjoys ſhe Creates. The Raviſhing Dalliance ended, with no Love loſt on either ſide: For *Monſigneur* was as Divinely Charming to the Raviſht *Lactilla*, as *Meſſalina* could be to *Polydorus*, and the very Grandeur of a Lord in her Arms, (though otherwiſe perhaps no heartier a Performer then her own honeſt Lime-Pit Clod-Pate Drudge in *Albion*,) had ſo much outvyed the poorer ſatisfaction of her Man of Clay and Sea-Cole, her Spouſe at home; that in pure Gratitude for the Honour as well as the Pleaſure ſhe had received, having not only recovered both breath and leiſure for a kind word or two of her own, but alſo gotten a little more Aſſurance then before (for Love ſoon makes Equality) ſhe turn'd to her Panting, as ſhe thought *Laforſe*, and throwing her Arms

about

about his Neck, thinking it her turn to talk a little Amourously now; *Well my Dear Laforse* (says she) *I hope you have no Reason now, to think your poor* Lactilla *so hard hearted as you have sometimes told her she was, for if such Love as mine* —— Lactilla! —— cryes *Polydorus*, starting up from the Bed, in a surprize so killing, that not the Ghosts and Spectres of all the Christian Victims his own Edicts had ever doom'd, or his Booted Disciples executed; nay, nor all his broken Leagues turn'd Goblins, could have Stagger'd him more. At first, in the heighth of Agony and Bitterness of Soul, he thought 'twas a Trick of *Messalinaes*; that his high flown Ambition of attempting the Queen of *Albions* Vertue, had put her Pride and Scorn upon this Stratagem of punishing his Audacious Love by so contemptible and despicable a Creature Foysterd upon him: Such Dirt and Rubbish in the Arms of *Polydorus*! The Transport of that thought, and his enraged Sentiments of so unpardonable an Affront, could hardly with-hold him from drawing his Sword and Executing his Fury, (though never so un-manly,) on the Heart of that Sordid Engine and Tool, in this Insolent manner made use of, to abuse him. But these suggestions were soon suppresst by some kinder Thoughts of *Messalina*, it being impossible, as he thought, for so Excellent a Creature to be so great a Jilt, or rather greater Devil; as this peice of Imposture must render her. Besides, were she all the Furies and Feinds of her whole Sex put together, yet, as a Woman of Imperial Quality, her very Character, if nothing else, would never suffer her to make choice of this, of all the Revenges in the World, (if any such she had against him.) For whatever Stratagems a Great Woman might make use of to Gratifie her Spleen, Spight,

Malice, Hate, or any other Paſſion; ſhe would never turn Bawd for any of them. That part of his Fear upon theſe Recollections being pretty well clear'd up, he reſolved however to ſatisfie himſelf by ſome Interrogatories to *Lactilla* (as much as he could make without diſcovery of his Perſon,) what Sorcery, Enchantment, or Malicious Devil of Fortune had Snared him into ſo poor a Nooſe as the Arms of *Lactilla*; a Thought that ſo much Diſguſted his Haughty Pride, that he would not, for half the Price of a Kingdom, be made ſo much the Jeſt of the World, as ſo Humble and Courſe a Love Adventure (he fancied) if it ſhould take Air, would render him; more eſpecially if it ſhould get to the Ear of *Meſſalina*; for his meer Indignation could never diſgeſt ſo ſhameful a Reproach, that his Imperial Careſſes (though never ſo innocently) ſhould be Debaſed to ſo Sordid an Embrace. And therefore, if for no other Reaſon, from Her above the reſt of the World he muſt endeavour to ſtifle the Diſcovery of this Accurſed Accident: Turning then to *Lactilla*, (who ſtill lay upon the Bed in no ſmall Surprize, and as you may imagine, in no leſs trouble at her Dear Lords ſo abrupt and unkind Start from her Arms) *Well Dear* Lactilla, ſays *Polydorus*, *I hope the Queen has no Suſpicion of our kindneſs* —— *The Queen!* ſuddenly reply'd *Lactilla*, *Good Heaven forbid! ſhould my Lady* Meſſalina *know what I have been doing, the more Naughty Man you,* —— *But what do you fear; Who, I, her Nurſe, and let the Queen know I Lay with a Man, and Spoyl'd the Princes Milk! Not for a Thouſand Pound! To be Burnt for Hereſie, or Hang'd for High Treaſon againſt that little Princely Babe, would be the leaſt I muſt look for in this Pagan Land. No my Dear Lord, we poor Country Folks are not ſo dull neither;*

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how ſimple ſoever we may be in other matters, we have always Wit enough in our Loves: and if my Dear Lord can be kind to ſo Worthleſs a Toing as I am; never fear Queens nor Empreſſes diſcovering of us: let me alone to take care of that. This Innocent Anſwer of *Lactilla's*, (excepting the Reſentments of ſo Nauſeous a miſtake, and ſo unhappy a diſapointment, which he could not yet ſo eaſily Conquer) ſatisfied all the reſt of *Polydorus* diſquiets; for now he plainly found, that the Nurſes miſtaking him for the Lord *Laforſe*, had not onely diſpel'd all his firſt ungenerous Suſpicions of *Meſſalina*, (a Thought, which how Momentary ſoever it laſted, he could now hardly forgive himſelf for) by convincing him, that not only Fortune was the true and onely Jilt that had put this Trick upon him; but alſo by Vertue of his ſtill paſſing for the ſuppoſed *Laforſe*, together with the Favour of the Dark, he had now an opportunity of Marching off utterly undiſcovered, and defying the utmoſt Malice of his Stars themſelves to expoſe his ſhame. Without any ſtay therefore, or any other parting Compliment, then *Adieu Dear* Lactilla, *I'le ſee thee again very ſpeedily*, he Starts out of the Chamber, and clapping the Door after him, leaſt any of the Lights in the Room of State ſhould give her ſo much as a glimpſe of his Back-ſide, he bolts down the Back-Stairs with all the Expedition he could make. He was not gotten three paces below the Foot of the Stairs, but *Meſſalina* croſſing a Walk in the Garden popt juſt upon him, who by this time having adjuſted matters, and diſpatcht the *Count*, was indeed with no leſs haſte Returning to her Cloſet in Expectance of *Polydorus*, whoſe Expectation by this time ſhe might poſſibly have over heighten'd; if not a little tryed his Patience. But meeting him moving off in ſuch haſte.

My Lord, the King, why ſo faſt? I hope the Face of Meſſalina *has nothing ſo Terrible in it, as to fright you.* The King, between Surprize and Confuſion, (occaſion'd by the ſight of *Meſſalina*, and the freſh Remembrance of his unfortunate Adventure with the Nurſe, his own Conſciouſneſs of which, though unknown to the World beſide, made him Redden with a Bluſh almoſt Scarlet deep, though the growing Night partly conceal'd the diſcovery of it;) what through the ſuddenneſs of this Encounter, and the perplexity of his Thoughts being not well provided with words to Anſwer her, was Studying for a Reply, when the Queen continued. *Well,* Polydorus, *I ſuppoſe you found but dull Entertainment above, by your haſte in running away; though if the Expectation of my Company had been worthy of one Minutes longer Diſpenſation, and your patience not quite Exhauſted, I had return'd to tell you, that the Receipt of an Expreſs from* Lycogenes, *brought me by* Count Davilah, *drew me ſome Minutes into the Garden. The Contents of which requiring ſome ſhort Conference between us, I took him down thither for it, leaſt your expected Viſit at that time, to a prying Eye, or a cenſuring Thought, might have afforded matter of Surmiſe to my diſadvantage. But that fear is now paſt, for I have given him ſuch a Diſpatch as may aſſure* Polydorus, *that* Meſſalina *cannot be guilty of forgetfulneſs* —— This obliging Language of the Queen, as it could not but infinitely Charm the Amorous *Polydorus*, ſo it could not but as much diſtract him too. For to tell her, he had been in her Apartment, and ſtay'd there for her not full a Quarter of an hour, (for indeed his whole Ingreſs, Egreſs and Regreſs from *Lactilla*, was an Execution of no more Minutes diſpatch,) and that truly (let him

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mince it in as fine words as he pleas'd) he had not patience to wait longer, though for ſo Divine a Bleſſing as the Poſſeſſing of *Meſſalina*, would be an excuſe impardonable. And on the other ſide, to own the Truth of his Adventure, that frighted him thence; that Thought was all Death and Hell, and not Wild Horſes could draw him to ſo ſhameful a Confeſſion. In this diſtraction of Thought, it came at laſt into his Head, to tell her, *That if her ſurprizing Abſence at ſo bleſt an hour, and after ſo Solemn and Generous an Engagement, that had ſo intirely fill'd his Heart, and taken up every Faculty of his Soul, might run him into any Impatiences or Extravagances worthy a Rebuke, as his not waiting longer for her Return, and his over Zealous coming down in Queſt after her, might be; however, he hoped ſhe would excuſe all Effects, how blameable ſoever, that had no other then the Tranſport of her Charms, and his own Paſſion for their Cauſe.* The Queen made him an obliging Anſwer, and told him, *She was very well ſatisfied, the Fault, that was, being of her own ſide. But ſince interpoſing Buſineſs had made her lapſe ſome Minutes in her Promiſe, however, ſhe would make Reparation for it, and if he pleaſed to Return with her, as ſhe had Expedited her Husbands Expreſs, ſhe was now at leiſure to liſten to any Expreſſes of* Polydorus, *and as ready to Diſpatch them.* At which, giving her Hand to *Polydorus*, which he received with a profound Reverence, they Returned back again, the King onely Murmuring all the way to himſelf, to think what good ſubſtantial Love he had lately Prodigally Laviſht, or rather thrown away; and which in his preſent Payment might be ſomething wanted to make up his Summ. But above all it grated his very Soul to think, that ſo abject a Creature as

Lactilla had Raviſht ſo conſiderable a part of what was ſo entirely due alone to the Divinity of *Meſſalina*. Nay, and what's worſe, had got the firſt ſtart too in Love, inſomuch, that he muſt be forced to come all Sullyed and Defiled, (for a leſs Taint he could not fancy it) to ſuch Celeſtial Embraces. But to bring our Lovers to the Cloſet; the Door Shut; and the Queen thrown upon her Couch, and *Polydorus* by her ſide; ſhe caſt thoſe Languiſhing Dying Looks upon him, enough to Thaw a Stoick, and Fire an Anchoret. The King who needed no Invitation, but already Melted into Kiſſing, Toying, Dallying, Embracing, Twining, all thoſe Outworks of Felicity, the Supreme Beatitude onely unpoſſeſt; Nay, and even That too juſt entring, and on the very Brink of Paradice; Oh! too imbecile to graſp at ſo Divine a Treaſure, though admitted even into all the whole fragrant Raviſhing Bed of Sweets; Alas, he wanted ſtrength to Crop the Flower. —— At this Accurſed Damn'd Defeat (no Name too black, nor Thought to hideous for it) poor *Polydorus* fell down by her ſide upon the Couch ſo Abaſht, and ſo Confounded, that he could have wiſht all the Graves, that his own Sword e're Digg'd, to Swallow him; or ſome kind Mountain, high as the Cryes, if poſſible, of all his own Martyr'd Chriſtians Blood, to cover his ſhame.

The Queen her ſelf no leſs Defeated, though not ſo much Abaſht, (for in ſuch Caſes the Failure is never in their Sex) perceiving his Confuſion, threw her Arms about his Neck, and layd her Cheek ſo cloſe to his, as if ſhe had reſolved to ſhew, that ſhe either did not, or would not ſee his Diſorder; a Behaviour, which carryed not only Endearment in it, but Policy too. For to tryumph over Weakneſs, and jocque or cajole an unperforming Lover, as ſome fooliſh reſenting

Beauties

Beauties in ſuch diſappointments have done, has ſometimes been too well known, to their own loſs, to have given that intire Check even to much younger and abler Nerves then *Polydorus*, as has Invalidated a whole Aſſignation: Whereas, on the contrary, an Unconcern or Endearing Connivance at Frayltty, has encouraged the Retreating Unſucceeding Aſſaylant to Rally again, come on, new Storm, and Conquer. *Polydorus* in all this ſtaggering Shock, excepting ſome Reſtleſs Starts and Flings, and now and then a Murmuring rougher ſort of Breathing betwixt a Sigh and a Groan, that ſpoke better for him, uttered not one Syllable; his Rage being too big for Words, and his Shame, alas, too Odious to be Palliated with Eloquence, had he Recollection or Senſe enough about him to ſtudy for any. *Meſſalina* all this while, as a Cordial againſt a Pang ſo violent, generouſly plyed him with all the healing Balme that her kindeſt Kiſſes, Toying, Careſſes, and Embraces could give him: till *Polydorus* at length ſo ſweetend, new warmd, and enlivened again, by ſuch Languiſhing, Melting, but above all (her brighteſt Attribute) ſuch Forgiving Divinity, began to feel new Animating Fires; and to Retrieve his Honour, with all the Proweſs of a Recovered Champion, he Renews the Aſſault once more. But the ſecond ſucceſs too like the firſt; a meer thin Airy Flaſh and ineffectual Fire. ——At this laſt Defeat he could hold no longer, but ſtarted from the Couch, and flew into that Storm and Rage, Madneſs and half Deſperation, that no Execrations againſt himſelf, or Invocations againſt Heaven and Earth were too terrible for him: till the Queen Interpoſing——*Fye, Fye, my Lord, why all this Rage, this moſt Unmanly Rage! Why do you thus unkindly play your own Tormenter? Can Polydorus*

Execute before I Sentence? The Puniſhment's Unjuſt that comes before the Sin: and I know none —— No Sin! Not *Polydorus* ſin'nd againſt his *Meſſalina!* [Interrupting her] Oh Injur'd Madam, Your Divine Innocence knows not the Weight of my Accurſed Guilt, a Load would ſink a World. Oh that Vile, Black, Infernal, Damn'd —— [Caſting a Furious Eye towards the Bed-Chamber] and then turning towards the Queen.] *Beaſt, Monſter, Traytor as I am* —— The Queen [ſtopping him] *Nay, no more my Lord, Wrong not your ſelf with theſe unjuſt Reproaches; what you would call your Crime, perhaps I've reaſon to eſteem your Glory; perhaps you Love me too well, and that has been the cauſe. Deſire ſometimes has been foild even by Deſire; and Loving bauk'd by Love. Alas, my Lord, there are Heavens even above Heaven, and it may be your Extaſy has rapt you above your Paradice. And to recall your Peace, I am content to be ſo Vain, to think my Charms have had that Power.* Oh Royal Excellence (replyed *Polydorus*) [Aſtoniſh'd at ſo Amazing a Kindneſs] *You are ſo Divinely good, that to lay hold of ſuch Tranſcendent Grace to ſave me, without Deſert, would but double my Damnation.* At which he began to launch out into ſuch bitter Reviling and Railing againſt himſelf, that the Queen not knowing their true Cauſe, began to think of a new Style to recover his Reaſon, and therefore was reſolved to Rally him into his right Wits again. *Well Sir, if this won't ſatisfy you, perhaps I have a new Diſcovery will anſwer all. I have either Heard or Read ſomewhere (no matter which)* [*Smilingly*] *of Enchantments uſed in this caſe. 'Tis not the firſt time, that Malice, and the Malice of a Woman too (for ſuch they ſay there are in the World) has made uſe of Spells to defeat the Expectation*

of

of Lovers; and the tying of a Magical Knot (as some such practice, you know not, may have been used upon you) and the Witchcraft of an Ill-Tongue have sometimes had that strange Power. Bewitcht by an Ill-Tongue, Madam! (replyed *Polydorus*) *Oh Madam!* [*Sighing*] *There went more then all Ill-Tongues (Confound the Enchantess) to the Bewitching of me.* Tying of Knots too say you? *A Plague of the Knots I Tye! Oh that Sprightful, Confounded Witch, Hag, Forceress, Beast, Bawd, Strumpet*——[he had almost said *Lactilla*] *Beast, Bawd, Strumpet!* When *Messalina* Interrupting him, What *Beast, Bawd?* Fortune Madam, Fortune, (Recollecting himself) *that Jilt, that Cheat, that Harlot, that Impudent Harlot,* Fortune, *the spight of my Stars, and the Malice of the Gods, that envyed my Immortal Happiness, and in downright Gall, rank Gall; Hemlock, Wormwood, Poison, have ransakt Hell, and Muster'd all the Imps of Lucifer to rob me of my Bliss.*

The Harange had went on, had not *Fornacos* Approach, a nimble Forerunner before the rest of the Zealots returned from their Devotion, giving them warning to retreat from the Closset, and the King to prepare himself for the appearance of a more indifferent Visitor, which with much ado he endeavour'd; though the concernment in his Face was not easily masterable. The Court beginning to fill soon after, *Messalina* produced, and Read her Expresses, importing the Landing of her *Lycogenes* in one of the Ports of *Gothland*, a piece of News not ungrateful to the whole Company, since it brought them the Expectation of the speedy Honour of so Royal a Guest in the *Gallick* Court, and which indeed had been the

A necessary precaution often wanted by Messalina.

Subject of no Common ſaying, had not the fatal Cauſe that lent them that Honour much rebated the Delight. The Queen told them further, *That ſhe had before communicated the Contents to* Polydorus, *to which indeed ſhe was obliged to him for his pleaſant Viſit.* Yes Madam, readily anſwered *Polydorus*, *I came to obey your Commands, and the Care and Application I ſhall make for a Reception ſuitable to the Majeſty of* Albion, *ſhall Convince the World that the Bonds that have tied the Hearts of* Lycogenes *and* Polydorus *are Eternal.*

Some Days after *Lycogenes* arrives, neither unlookt for, neither welcome; for they knew he came to them like a Gameſter at an Ordinary, that had loſt all his Money, and came for a new Recruit. By my Soul, our *Lycogenes*, I have had ill Luck; but I'le Play t'other Game for't. 'Tis ill venturing upon a Looſers Hand quoth *Polydorus*: Sir, quoth *Lycogenes*, Lend me but t'other Threeſcore Touſand Pounds, and you ſhall have all *Ireland* for it. Sir, ſaid he, then proceeding, Remember the Proverb, *He that* England *means to win, with* Ireland *muſt begin.* That is a Proverb I have often heard, quoth *Polydorus*; but if I Lend you this Threeſcore Thouſand Pounds, I'le have all *Ireland* to my ſelf, I'le ſend Officers of my own to take Charge of all the Imployments in that Kingdom; you ſhall have nothing to do there. Not I by my Soul, quoth *Lycogenes*, I will have nothing to do there; I'le only be your Deputy there, I'le receive the Sword from *Tyrconnel* in your Name, and Execue your Commands by your Authority.

Theſe Conditions being Sign'd and Sealed between *Polydorus* and *Lycogenes*, Men and Money were provided with all the ſpeed imaginable. For *Meſſalina* was ſoon weary of his Cold Embraces; having by

this

this time a fair Cover for whatever ſhould after happen, ſhould ſhe really chance to be Impregnated. And therefore being preſent at the Colloque between her Husband *Lycogenes* and her Champion *Polydorus*. She at the ſame time tipt the wink upon *Polydorus*, and pointed to the middle of her Placket; which ſo inflam'd *Polydorus*, that he was as ready to Condeſcend to *Lycogenes*, as *Lycogenes* was to Demand of him.

During theſe Tranſactions of a higher Nature, and a deep Intrigue between the two Monarchs and the Monarcheſs. *La Force* plyd his buſineſs with *Lactilla*. 'Tis true *La Force* had brought her to his Bow, but the Conſummation of Pleaſure being interrupted, as you have already heard; that interruption brought *Lactilla* to bethink her ſelf. For, not to conceal the Truth, *Lactilla*, honeſt *Lactilla*, Nurſe in Ordinary to the *Gallick* Prince, ſhe from whom the Sovereign Swayer of the *Britiſh* Scepter was to ſuck his Maſculine Inclinations, had been dabling already. Which made her out of a Scruple of Conſcience begin to contrive, which way ſhe ſhould put off *La Force*. For, Lord quoth ſhe, muſt I Adulterate the Milk that Suckles the Monarch of Three Kingdoms. So that when *La Force* came to Reiterate his Addreſſes to her, ſhe dealt with him like a plain good honeſt Country Nurſe, and told him, that ſhe had placed her Affections before upon a certain Souldier in the Life-Guard of *Lycogenes* (for thoſe ſort of Cattel will be always endeavouring to get between the Thighs of your Court Lawndry-Women and Nurſes, to Eek out their Preferment) who had overcome her; and that by him ſhe was Yo ng with Child: And truly her Pains were ſo extraordinary, that being afraid ſomething more then ordina-

ry would come of it, she was resolv'd to prepare her self for Repentance. *La Force* who had an Eye that could pierce through a Mill-stone, presently apprehended what *Lactilla* would beat, which was enhancing the Price; and therefore pretending to be a Doctor; Oh Madam quoth he, I understand the reason of your extraordinary Pains: The Gentleman who the last time had your last Favours, left his work unfinish'd; so that what you carry in the Womb, must want either an Arm, or a Leg, or a Thigh; and then if it come forth so imperfect, it will be the cause of great Trouble and Affliction to you. But for that, be of good Comfort, give but me the liberty, and I will make all things well and perfect, and your Travel shall be as Easie as the slipping of a Cherry-Stone from between your Thumb and Fore-finger. *La Force* made this so demonstrable by Dent of Argument to *Lactilla*, that for future Convenience-sake she condescended to whatever he could desire.

While *Laforce* lay thus at Rack and Manger with his dear *Lactilla*, *Polydorus* chaffing for his last misfortune, long'd for a second Tryal of his Abilities. But the presence of *Lycogenes* was a new rub in his way. 'Twas therefore thought convenient to march him off with all the speed that possible might be; nor was *Messalina* less desirous to be rid of him, as one whose Reign over her Affections was now as much at an end, as his Reign over the hearts of his People. *Polydorus* therefore sends for *Lycogenes*, and having agreed upon Conditions, hastens him away into *Hibernia*, with permission to retain the Title of *Lycogenes* the Second, King of *Hibernia*, but to deliver the real Possession of the Kingdom to *Polydorus*, and the Command of all his Souldiers and Forces to such Officers and Commanders,

manders, as he had order'd to accompany him.

So soon as *Lycogenes* was departed, *Polydorus* profecutes his Amour with great heat; nor was *Meſſalina* who had already ſurrender'd up her Fort, leſs diligent to afford *Polydorus* all the Opportunities that could be with Circumſpection and Caution omitted: She was mainly deſirous of a Prince to be Born of her Body; by which means ſhe might bequeath perpetual vexation to the Chriſtians: And to that purpoſe ſhe thought that now ſhe had both change of Air and variety of Perſons, ſhe could not fail; and as for the Legality of it, ſhe never minded that, ſince ſhe could have Abſolution when ſhe pleaſed.

Polydorus therefore therefore ſends her an Invitation to his Country Palace of *Verſellais*, and appoints her an Apartment not far from his own, with ſo many private avenues to it, that it was impoſſible one would have thought to have made the leaſt diſcovery of their private Congreſſes.

Under the Covert of this Retirement, *Polydorus* had ſeveral Opportunities to enjoy the Carreſſes of his endearing *Meſſalina*; while ſhe on the one ſide labour'd for Pregnancie, and he on the other endeavoured to recover the Reputation he had loſt in his firſt Venereal Attempts: Nothing could out-vie the Dalliances of theſe two Royal Lovers, unleſs the efforts of Youthful *Clepatra*, to pleaſe her *Mark Anthony*, or the Gallantries of *Mark Anthony*, to gratifie his adored *Cleopatra*. Moreover, *Meſſalina* thought that if now ſhe ſhould prove with Child, the World would be the ſooner Convinc'd of the Truth of her being Deliver'd of the Prince of the *Cambro Britans*; which made her more eager to devote her ſelf to the ſatisfaction of her *Polydorus*. However Love had only

a Deſign to exert his power, and would not admit *Lucna* to come in for a ſhare, in bleſſing the ſtrong Endeavours of the Amorous Pair with effectual Succeſs: 'Tis true Fame did her part and ſpread abroad a rumour over all *Gothland* and *Albion*, that *Meſſalina* was with Child, and ſo it holds; but as to that it is left to Time to make out the truth of it.

By this time *Cupid*, who ſeem'd to ſtudy nothing more then to enlarge the Conqueſts of *Meſſalina's* Charming Eyes, had ſmitten the Heart of Young *Delphinus*, only Son of *Polydorus*, who began to be no leſs Enamour'd of the Bewitching *Meſſalina* then his Father. 'Tis true he knew nothing of certainty of what paſs'd every Day between his Father and her. For now it being known that *Lycogenes* was gone of *Polydorus's* Errand, it was eaſie to feign pretences of Frequent Conſultations with *Meſſalina*; but as the Actions of Princes will be pry'd into, in ſpight of Fate, *Delphinus* had ſome Inkling of the Intrigue. And indeed the more then ordinary Credulity and Obſequiouſnes of *Polydorus* to an Exild Princeſs, could not chooſe but Enhance her Suſpition. However Love is ſuch a Tyrant, that what he will, he will have done. The Young *Delphinus* is enflam'd, and tho' he were pretty ſure, that in giving way to his Paſſion, he muſt be his Father's Rival, and Fiſh in the ſame Stream with his own Parent, yet his Ardour was ſo Violent, that thoſe Conſiderations could not with-hold him, nor ſtem the violent Current of his Affection: So that he never came into *Meſſalina's* Company but his Amorous Looks betray'd the Paſſion of his Heart; ſo eaſily diſcernable, that *Meſſalina* could not perceive the double Conqueſt ſhe had made both of the Father and the Son. But *Meſſalina* who had Abandon'd her ſelf over to the Father, made

made the Punctillio of Honour so much her present Excuse for not condescending to the Son's Add esses, that she still put him off with fair Complements, so that all his Efforts prov'd ineffectual.

FINIS.

FINIS.

Advertiſement

TO this part is Prefixt a *Key*, which renders the Hiſtory of the Four Parts, Intelligible to the meaneſt Capacity.

THE

AMOURS

OF THE

French King

WITH THE

Late Queen of *ALBION.*

BEING

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LONDON: Printed for *John Lyford,* 1689.

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OF THE

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WITH THE

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The Famous and Fair Story of the Liberty of

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TO THE
READER.

THE Bookſeller has been Adviſed to Add the following *Key*, for the benefit of the meaneſt Capacity, in underſtanding the whole Hiſtory of *Meſſalina*.

Albion, England. *Belgick*, Holland. *Gothland*, France. *Iberia*, Ireland. *St. Jaques*, St. James's. *Alba Regalis*, Whitehall. *Forreſt of St. Jaques*, St. James's Park. *Pagan Temples*, *Moſques of Albion*, *Temples of Diana*; all ſignifies Romiſh Maſs-Houſes and Chappels. *Waters of Baiæ*, the Minerals of Bath. *Britomardes*, C. II. *Lycogenes*, J. II. two Brothers late Kings of England. *Anaximander Prince of the Lowlands*, The then Prince of Orange, our now our Gracious Sovereign. *Artemiſa*, the then Princeſs of Orange, our now Gracious Sovereign Queen.

Philadelpha

LONDON, Printed for [illegible] the Bookſellers of London and Weſtmin

Philadelpha, Her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Denmark. *Polycrates, the Northern Prince*, His Royal Highneſs the Prince of Denmark. *Meſſalina*, the late Queen. *The huge Prince in Italy*, the late Duke of Modena. *Bonerges the High Prieſt*, the Pope. *Pagan*, Papiſt. *Count Davila, Dada*, the Popes late Nuncio at the Court of England. *Father Pedro*, the Jeſuit Peters. *Latroon*, Tyrconnel, the Rebbel Deputy of Ireland. *Aſpaſia*, the Deputies Wife. *Marchioneſs de Tomazo* a great Friend of Don Tomazo *alias*, Tom Dangerfield *Young Sanctifore*, a Baron of Rome, and Gallant of Meſſalina before ſhe came for England. *Father Sebastian*, A. B. Ellis, Titular A. B. of York. *Madam de Elvira*, An Italian Jilt, one concern'd in the Warming-pan Intrigue. *Cleone*, a Doxie of Tyrconnels. *Madam Wilks*, The Queens doughty Midwife. *The Water of St. Winifred*, A Spring in Wales. *Lady of Lorretto*, The Popiſh term for the Virgin Mary. *Traynovant*, London.

IT is not unknown to the World what Artful Tenderneſs our dear *Meſſalina*, all along has expreſt for her *Cambrian Prince*, that ſhe carried over not only the honeſt Brick-Kiln Nurſe that Suckled it, But alſo the *Warming-pan* Midwife to Croſs the Herring-pond with her Royal Miſtreſs, and as ſome think very timely and prudently, for

fear